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VOLUME 22 NUMBER 5

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Two Number Five

Well, spring is here at last. And you know, every morning when I say goodbye to Mrs Largewoman my housekeeper and leave my modest 20 up, 20 down bijou mansionette and stroll down the leafy lanes of Pall Mall, marvelling at the beauty of the dappled sunlight on the frosty cobbled streets and waving hello to the cheery cockney people going about their business, I have to stop and reflect upon my success.

Sometimes I almost wish there was some small way in which I could give back a little of my happiness. After all, here I am, nudging 30,

page 5 *Kirsty*

page 13 *Dionne*

page 22 *Lucy*

page 44 *Barbara*

Thought of the month: "Love is like a ship on the ocean – there's never any wind in your sails, you don't know where you're going and it always makes you sick." – *Captain Birdseye, 1976*

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page 54
Charlie

page 33
Ellen

page 74
Jasmine

resplendent in my silk waistcoat, shiny top hat and silver cane, clattering along in my hansom cab, amber cigarette holder clenched firmly between my teeth, and without a care in the world (especially after a quick snifter from my two gallon hip flask).

Anyway I was in a benevolent mood such as this when last week I spied a young woman on the corner of Russell Square, twanging her braces and crying out to passers by: "Buy me bloomin' flars guvna! Only tuppence a posy gawd bless ya!" Entranced, I tapped the roof of the cab for the driver to pull over. I was quite taken by the bravery of this woman – going out in public with red hair – and sat for a moment, misty eyed as I recalled my first days selling newspapers in the Kings Cross area dressed as a sailor.

"I say, lassie! Yes you, the ginger nut!" I cried. "How do you fancy being Art Assistant on my periodical!" She clomped over to me and I pressed half a silver sixpence into her hand. "Just get rid of those bloody platforms."

"Woi, Mr Bleach oid be right grateful to 'e oid be!" she smiled. So that settled, she ran along behind my cab (one never travels with staff) until we arrived at my humble empire.

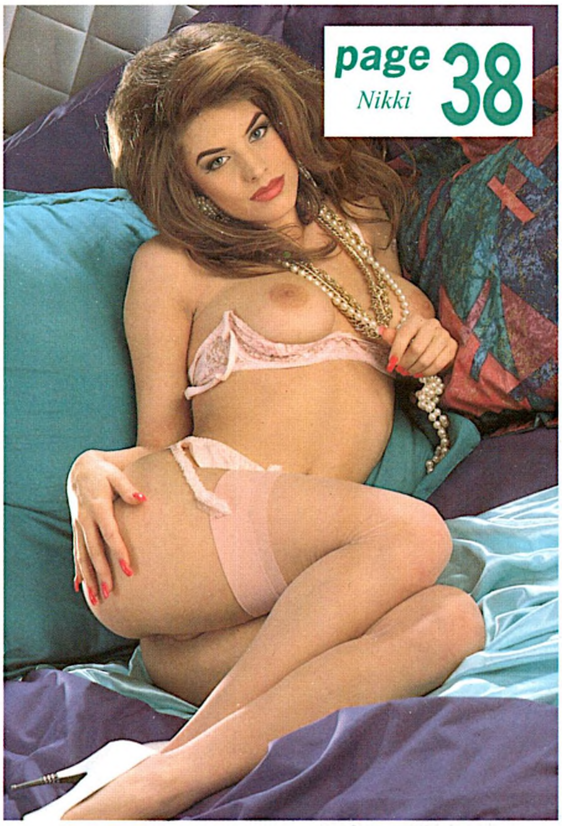
There I introduced Miss Wood to the staff, gave her a quill pen and a wooden desk, and let her get to work.

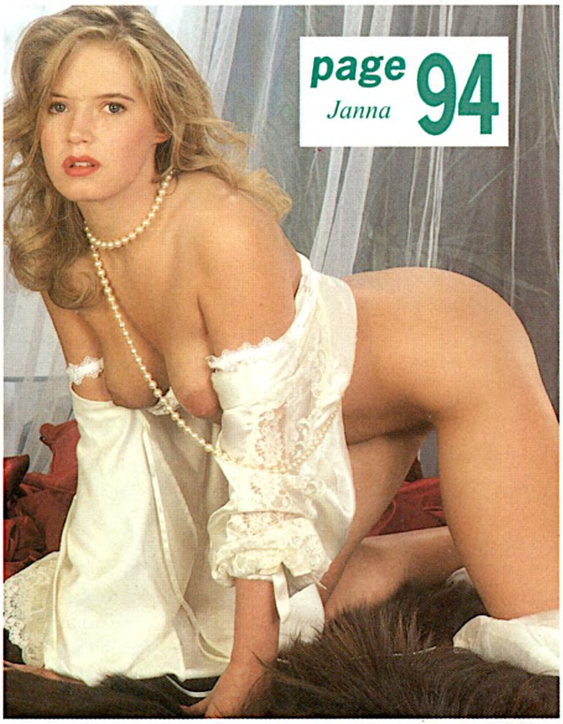
And that's how young Miss Julie Wood, our latest recruit, came to work for me.

So, dear children, let that little story of determination over red-haired adversity be a lesson to you all. Now, settle back and enjoy the magazine.

I'd love to join you myself, but I'm expecting a call from the Duke of Norfolk. Not the man, I hasten to add, but the pub. They're pressing charges after the balloon, cheese and billiard cue trick I played there last night...

Wish me luck! – *The Ed* ♣





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IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Poor Mr Major

Like Club, I rejoice in the goodness and gladness and joy and beauty of sex. But sadly sex can also be wrong and bad, as when it partakes of violence, e.g. in rape, masochism or in forced prostitution.

Hence I think it is very important that Club scrupulously avoids all suggestion that violence or exploitation have any place in the sex it portrays and extols. In this respect, I have no complaint.

But, by extension, as a reader I do not want *any* (gratuitous) violence in the pages of Club, even in the form of supposedly humorous caricature. And this is why I must protest at the cartoon (Vol 22 No 2) of Mr Major being viciously kicked in the balls. There were also similar nasty cartoons in the previous issue.

Please desist. If I've not convinced you, ask some of your sweet girls for their opinion – and give them my love! – *Dr Philip Taylor, Glasgow*

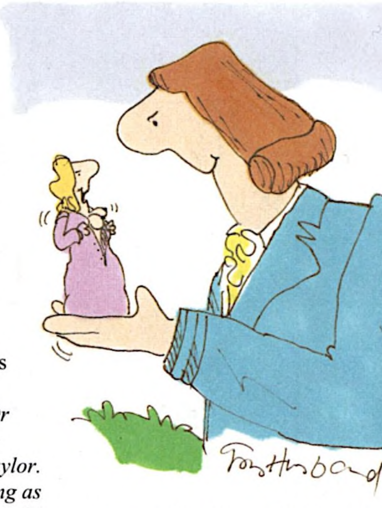
Interesting point, Dr Taylor. Well, about as interesting as John Major. But let's get this straight – nude women, sexy letters and naughty confessions don't offend you, but a silly cartoon does? Anyway, we don't think Mr Major's balls have dropped yet.

Risky Business

I often read your magazine with my boyfriend and enjoy the letters page and the naughty confessions, so I thought I'd write in and tell you what happened to me recently when I went away on business.

I work as a personal assistant to a managing director of a small company and I have to arrange the firm's annual dinner dance. This year was a special occasion marking fifty years in business and I was determined to make it a night to remember, but as the date neared my boyfriend told me that he'd be away and couldn't make it. I was annoyed, but decided that I was going to really enjoy myself anyway.

I chose a long black dress with a plunging neckline that really showed off my boobs and a split up the side almost to the top of my thighs. Of course, it was impossible to wear panties with the dress, so I had to be very careful not to show off too much of my body that night.



"Be gentle with me, Gulliver."

When I arrived at the hotel, I headed straight for my room in order to enjoy a long soak in the bath. Afterwards I had a few drinks from the mini-bar while I dressed and admired myself in the mirror. I looked sensational, my long legs really looked good and my boobs were almost bursting out of my dress.

I headed down to the bar and joined three workmates – Mark, Steve and John – for a few drinks. It felt very flattering to be the centre of attention from three good looking guys; and when they asked me to join them for a meal – how could I refuse?

During the meal, the conversation became very explicit and Mark actually had the cheek to ask me if I was wearing any knickers! "You'll have to find out for yourself," I told him, parting my legs slightly. I took hold of his hand and placed it on my leg and he slowly inched his fingers towards my moist cunt. I gasped as I felt him brush his fingers against my pubes – then he turned to John and Steve and told them that I definitely wasn't wearing any knickers!

Steve then suggested a night-cap in his room and we quickly headed up to the sixth floor. Now, I've never been unfaithful to my boyfriend and I wasn't going to start now; but there's no harm in a little fun, is there? In the lift Steve started to kiss me and gently caressed my boobs, while Mark slipped his hand inside my dress and began to stroke my aching clitty. I wondered how far I was going to go, and by the time we reached the sixth floor, John had freed my breasts and was greedily sucking on my engorged nipples.

When the doors opened, I walked out first and then led them all into the room and shut the door. I lay back on the bed and then wriggled out of my dress so I was completely naked. "Okay, fellas," I panted, "sit back and enjoy this!"

The three of them positioned themselves around the room and then I walked into the bathroom and brought back a bottle of baby oil. Pouring some over my breasts I started to gently rub my nipples to stiff points. I could see the three of them shifting uncomfortably in their seats as I moved my fingers down over my stomach. "Okay, lads – take off your trousers."

They quickly removed their trousers and I gasped as I saw three firm cocks twitching in the air. "Be patient, boys," I gasped, as I poured oil over my pussy mound and then eased apart my cunt lips. Coating my fingers in oil, I pushed a single finger inside myself and started to frig my clitty furiously until I bucked my hips off the bed and orgasmed.

"Okay, are you ready now?" I asked them. The three of them nodded and I got up off the bed and walked slowly towards Steve. Kneeling down in front of him, I took hold of his erect cock and ran my wet tongue over his shiny bell-end. Steve ran his fingers through my long hair as I started to gobble him, taking all of his cock into my mouth. Gently fondling his balls, I started to speed up the pace until I heard Steve gasp loudly and he emptied his load into my mouth. I looked up at him to see a big smile across his face. "Right, that's you done," I giggled.

Looking over at Mark, I

Ten Things You'll Never Hear A Woman Say

1) "Oooh, what an ugly baby..."
2) "What's going on in *Eastenders*, then?"
3) "Oh, I don't need any more shoes."
4) "Mine's a pint, please..."
5) "I'm actually looking forward to going grey."
6) "I'll be hours in the bathroom."
7) "I really think that all your ex-girlfriends were very attractive."
8) "Mmm, a blow-job would be lovely."
9) "Just watch me wheel-spin away from these lights."
10) "Hey, let me do the hoovering." ♣

THE NICE BIT

In a revolutionary change of policy, Club is going to be... nice about somebody! This month – media giant **Des Lynham**...

We're always being horrible about people at Club. We seem to print nothing but sarcastic, snidey attacks on much-loved public figures like Dave Lee Travis, Terry Christian, Bob Holness and Bill Wyman.

Now, though, having seen the huge success and even huger amounts of moolah that arselick rags like *Hello!* are raking in, we've decided to do a u-turn. Yep, we're going to be nice.

And who better to be nice about than Britain's finest sports presenter, the immortal Desmond Lynham? His wit, charm and communicative skills frequently make the

gestured for him to stand by the bed. I walked over and sat on the edge and poured oil all over my tits. Grasping his thick shaft, I pulled him closer and then clamped my tits around his cock and started to wank him off. With Mark pushing upwards, I could flick my tongue over his cock as I wanked him off – it was sheer bliss! I wrapped my hands around his bum and squeezed his cheeks as he furiously fucked my tits. After a couple of minutes, I felt his balls tighten and he shot his load all over my chin and breasts. I took great delight in rubbing the milky fluid all over my chest before I told Mark to sit down again.

"And last," I announced proudly, "but certainly not least – John!" John was packing the biggest piece of the three, and I relished the chance for a grand finale. "Lie back on the bed," I told him. Then I positioned myself over him in a 69 position. "Lick my cunt

continued on page 32

efforts of our top sportsmen and women seem dull by comparison. In a barren desert of cliché, banality and stupidity, Des Lynham stands out like an oasis of originality and intelligence.

"Oasis – like it," quipped Des with a wink when we read him that sentence. Or at least he would have done if he could have been bothered to talk to us, which he couldn't. Still, no hard feelings. We realise he must be very busy being a national hero and sex symbol, far too busy to talk to major international men's magazines like us. We didn't think 'Well stuff him if he's going to be so snotty.' Far from it. Bastard, bastard, bastard. Ooops... *(Editor's note: This is the last time we're going to be nice about someone. As readers may have noticed from the above, there's no bloody laughs in it. Back to slaggings-off next month.)* ♣

kirsty

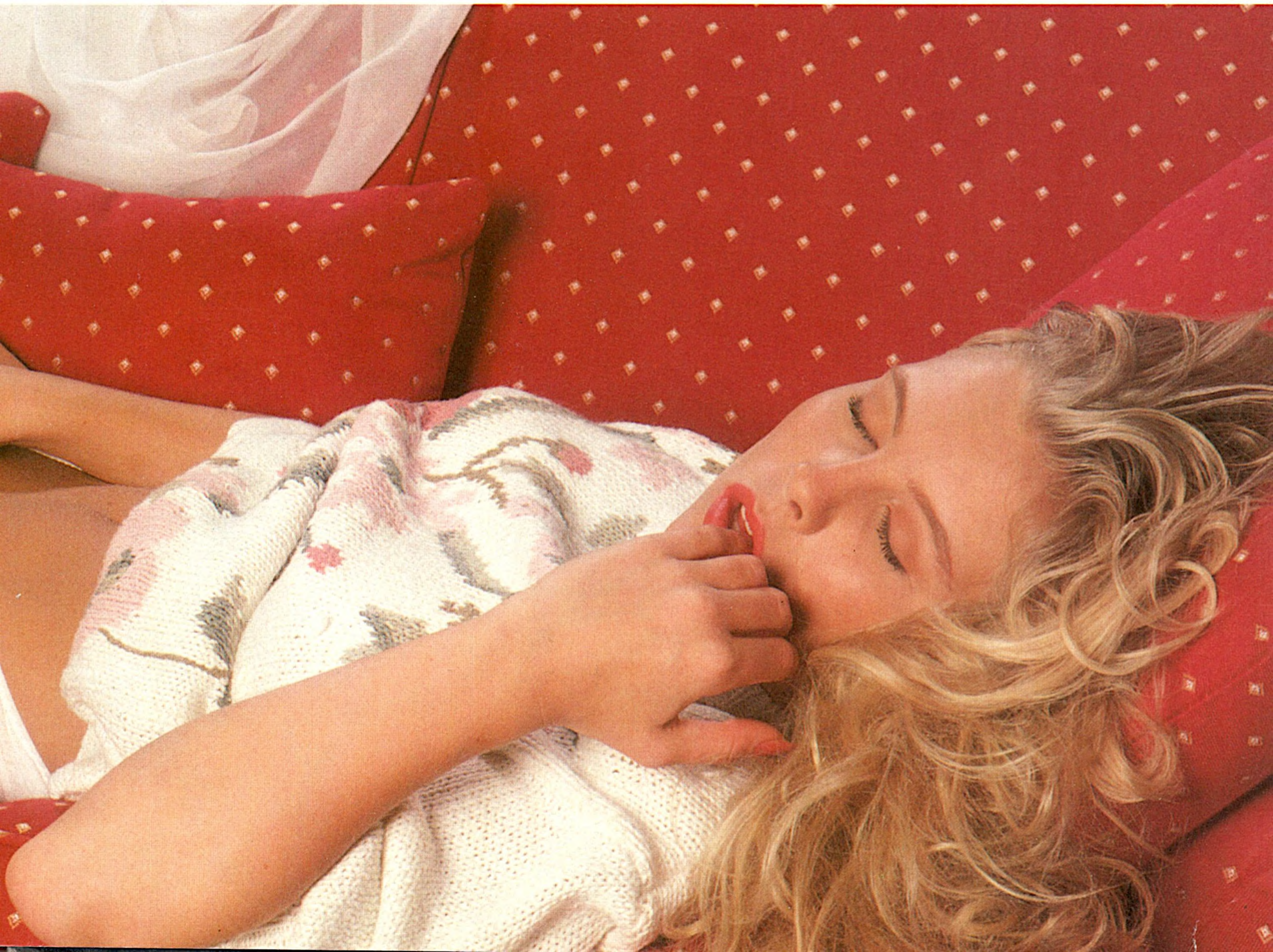
Photographs by Jack Harrison

It's been a few months since the sensual shape of curvy Kirsty has graced our pages. So come on, where have you been all this time?

"You're worse than my mum!"

our Girl of the Year laughed as she peeled off her rather fetching fluffy woolly jumper.

"Well, actually, this was given to me by a guy I met on holiday. I went up to Scotland for a few days and this rather dishy fisherman



bought it for me as a memento. So I wear it to remind me of all those long, lovely nights we spent together.

"Although funnily enough, when I take it off it reminds me of all those long, lovely nights we spent together too..." ♣

COMING UP, ROSES

Now then, now then, guys and gals – what have we here? Top-pop-tittle-tattle, that's what, with the one and only up four places, my very good friend, **James T Bone**...

The **Stone Roses** finally look set to release a new single in the next few months – their first after signing to Geffen Records for a cool £4million back in 1990.

The Stone Roses: *For sale – any reasonable cash offers over £4million accepted*

The last three years have seen the Mancunian moptops firmly ensconced in a Welsh recording studio, while anxious Geffen executives have been dropping by to see if their new fledglings have actually managed to record anything. News is that the band have now got enough songs to fill an entire album – but what's been behind the long delay? Rock and roll parties, hedonistic drug taking and wild orgies with groupies? No. Something even wilder – house-hunting.

Singer Ian Brown recently purchased a des res in North Wales (with real log fire, no doubt), while guitarist John Squires plumped for a sumptuous villa in Lanzarote. Blimey, forget interviews with *Melody Maker* and *NME*, these lads will be inviting *Hello!* and *Nice Housekeeping* around for tea and biscuits. Call the rock and roll police, pur-lease...

● Those other Manchester madboys, **Happy Mondays**, have decided to call it a day. After five albums and a couple of Top Ten singles, Shaun and the lads have had enough. As predicted in this very column a few months ago, Shaun Ryder now looks set to start a solo career after matters came to head last month and the band all sacked each other in a flurry of friendly activity.

Ironically the Mondays were in discussion with five different record labels after the collapse of Factory Records last year, with EMI looking firm favourites to sign them in a £1.7million deal – money that singer Shaun could well have done with. Magistrates recently gave him two months to pay a £650 fine after a court appearance on a drink driving charge. The court also heard that the singer is a month behind in paying his mortage. Couldn't lend us a couple of quid then, Shaun?

Niggas with Attitude: *Boys will be boyz...*

● Mind you, if you reckon that the Mondays will be strapped for cash, then spare a thought – or a few pence, guv' – for Dr Dre, rapper with American band, **Niggas With Attitude**. The 25-year-old is currently being sued for a whopping £180million by his fellow band member Eric 'Eazy E' Wright and a further £14million by a television show hostess who alleges that she was pushed down a flight of stairs by him.

The good doctor also faces eighteen months in the slammer on an assault charge stemming from a hotel bar brawl a few months back. And as if that wasn't enough, a Los Angeles record producer claims that the little tearaway broke his jaw during a recent altercation. There is some good news though: his debut LP, *The Chronic*, entered the Top Ten on the American album charts on its release.

● Country superstar **Willie Nelson** should be breathing a huge sigh of relief at this very moment. It transpires that the IRS (the Yank equivalent of the dreaded taxman) have informed the gravel-faced singer that their original estimate of £12million in unpaid taxes due was somewhat exaggerated.

Good news for our Willie I bet, but his missus and his kids should be over the moon. When the original bill came through, Willie quickly moved his family out of their vast ranch and homestead

Photograph by David Bailey

Wendy James: *Elvis is alive... and breathing life into a failed pop star with a huge gob*

IN AND OUT

Tips for the top with **Terence Trendy**...

IN	OUT
Drew Barrymore	Michael Barrymore
Duckula	*Dracula*
wonderbras	playtex
purple loon pants	skintight leggings
pigtails	long hair
chiffon	lace
Danni Behr	Katie Puckrick
DIY	sex guides
owning a Ford Capri	owning a Sierra ♣

into the more sober surroundings of his bleedin' tour bus! This presumably meant that Mrs Nelson and the sprogs had to endure a year and a half on the road with Wild Willie as he played all over the USA in a desperate bid to raise much needed funds. A watertight case for mental cruelty, if you ask me.

● One man who clearly doesn't care about money – or his own personal safety for that matter – is ageing rocker, **Bob Dylan**. On his way to a recent concert in Dublin, Bob shrugged off the usual trappings of life on the road – stretch limos and the like – and decided to walk to the gig. Strolling through parts of the city where even serial killers fear to tread, he arrived at the concert hall with the princely sum of 72p in his pocket. His sanity, my friend, is blowin' in the wind...

● Oooops! Award, Part One: RCA Records for dropping **Pop Will Eat Itself** on the eve of the release of their new single, *Get The Girl, Kill The Baddies*. A week later the band became the first unsigned band ever to appear on *Top of the Pops* after the single entered the charts at number nine – their biggest ever hit. Twats.

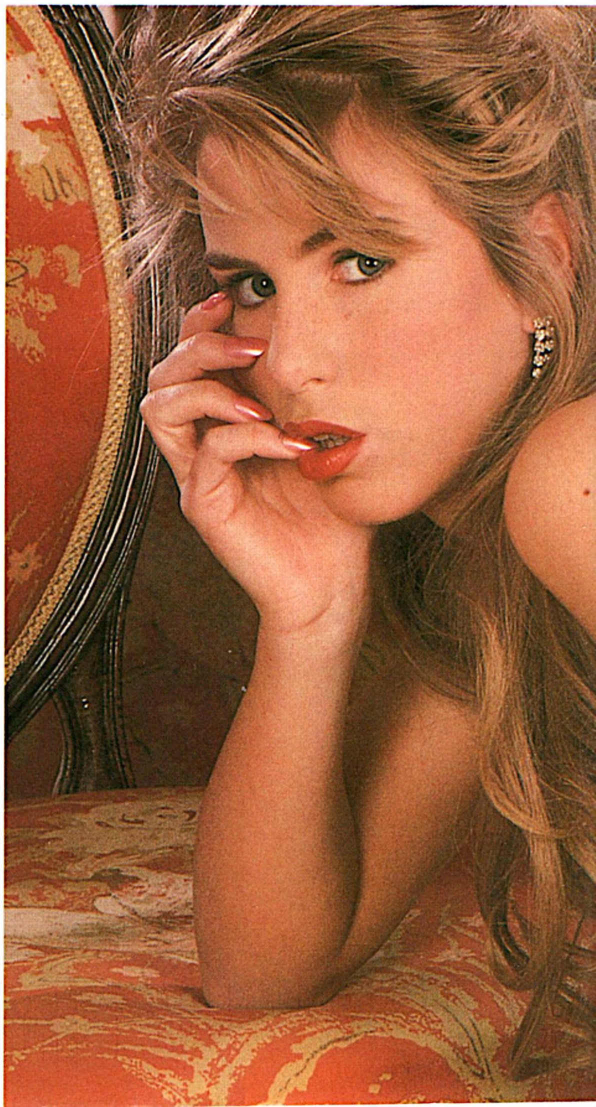
● Finally, ex-Transvision Vamp singer and blonde bombshell, **Wendy James**, is back with a new single – *The Nameless One* – and an LP. After writing an eight page letter to Elvis Costello requesting a song from the pen of the mighty scribe, Wendy was surprised to receive a call informing her that our Elv had written an entire album for her.

Now Ain't The Time For Your Tears features twelve songs written by Mr Costello, and Miss James is understandably thrilled with the result. The lady who once boasted: "I'm gonna be world famous. I'll be winning Oscars by the end of the century", claims to have matured and says that pop stardom doesn't interest her at all. Which is just as well really, 'cos her new LP is the biggest load of shite we've heard in a long time.

Always nice to go out on a positive note, don't you think? See ya! ♣

● **Photographs by Geoff Howes**

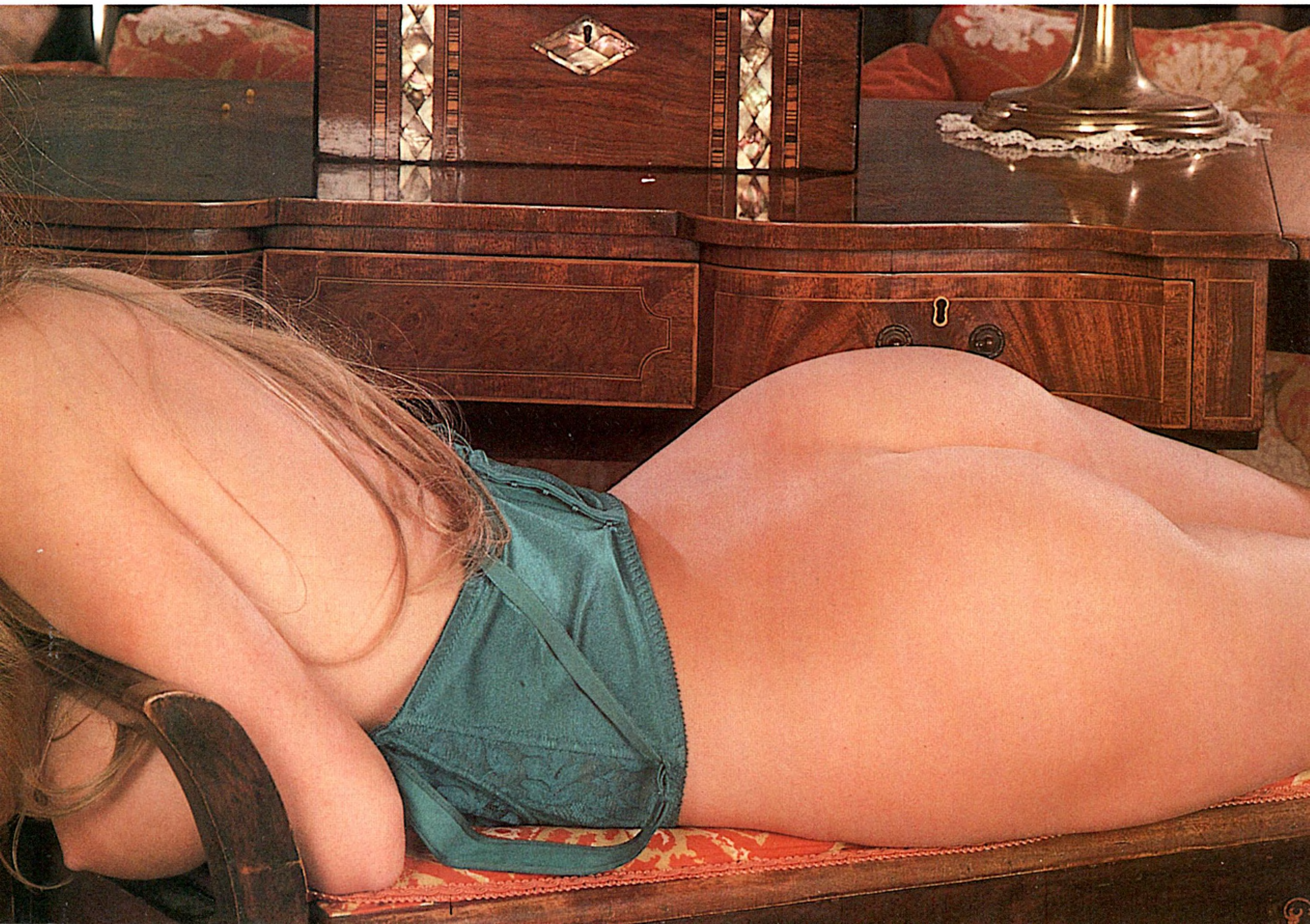
Dionne



The woman with the sort of treasure chests anyone would be glad to get their hands on is back!

Dionne has been asked to appear again by all of you out there with an appreciation of the abundant.

"I hope you're not just referring to these," she giggled. No, no, no, we assured her, we meant your beauty, your personality,



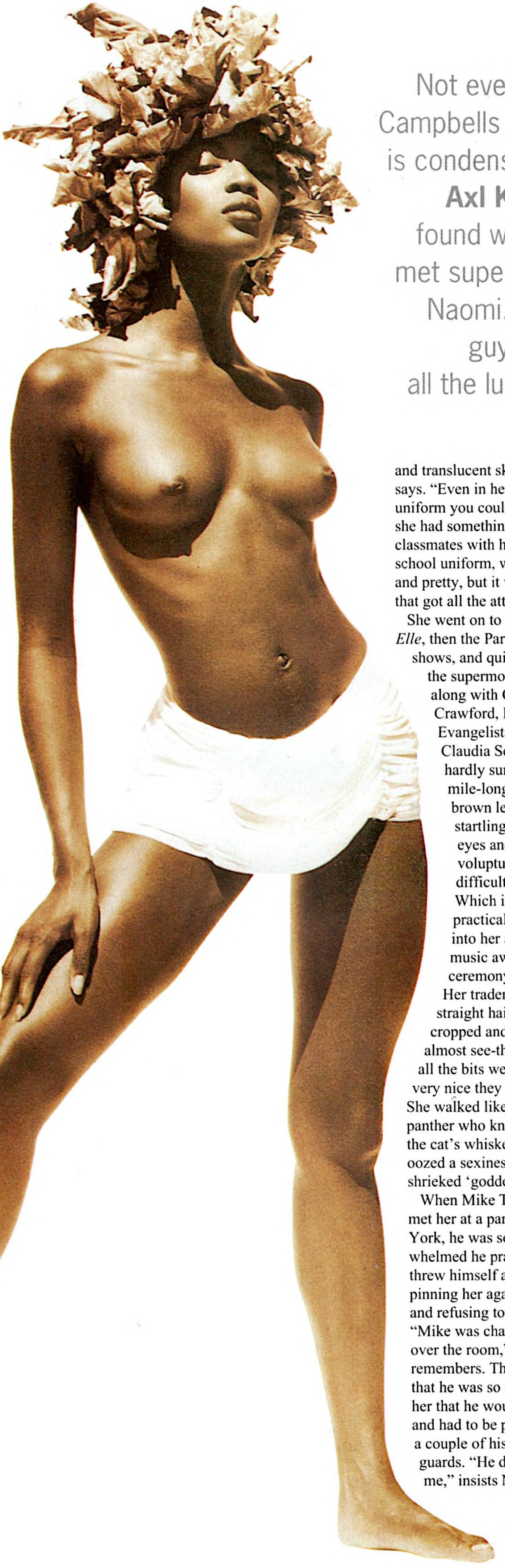
and your, er, well, yes all right your two best friends there as well.

"I suppose they are my biggest asset, and they do always break the ice at parties. Mind you, if I turned around quickly enough I'd probably break a lot more..." ♣

club interview

Naomi

Not everything Campbells makes is condensed, as **Axl Kravitz** found when he met supermodel Naomi. Some guys have all the luck, eh?



There can't be too many jobs in this world that you wouldn't mind turning up to on a Monday morning. Imagine then, getting paid £100,000 to strip off and stick your tongue in Madonna's mouth. And just for good measure, letting her suck your toes. Great if you're a bloke – but weird if you're a girl. Well, that's what supermodel Naomi Campbell got paid to roll around half naked in lezzie poses in Ms Ciccone's *Sex* book. It all looked just a little bit pervy, not that we're complaining. Does Naomi, in retrospect, regret it?

"No, it was a job," she replies, very much on the defensive. "I am a professional and this was a professional job. I wouldn't have done it otherwise."

For those of you haven't seen the book, it features a naked Madonna rubbing up against a huge black stud-like gentleman, while giving an equally naked Naomi a tongues-and-all French kiss. Naomi, the impossibly stick-thin supermodel, shocked a few people in the fashion world who saw the steamy pictures. But she is still unrepentant about the lesbo poses. "I have no regrets about doing the shoot," she maintains. "I only did them because the photographer, Steven Meisel, is a good friend of mine."

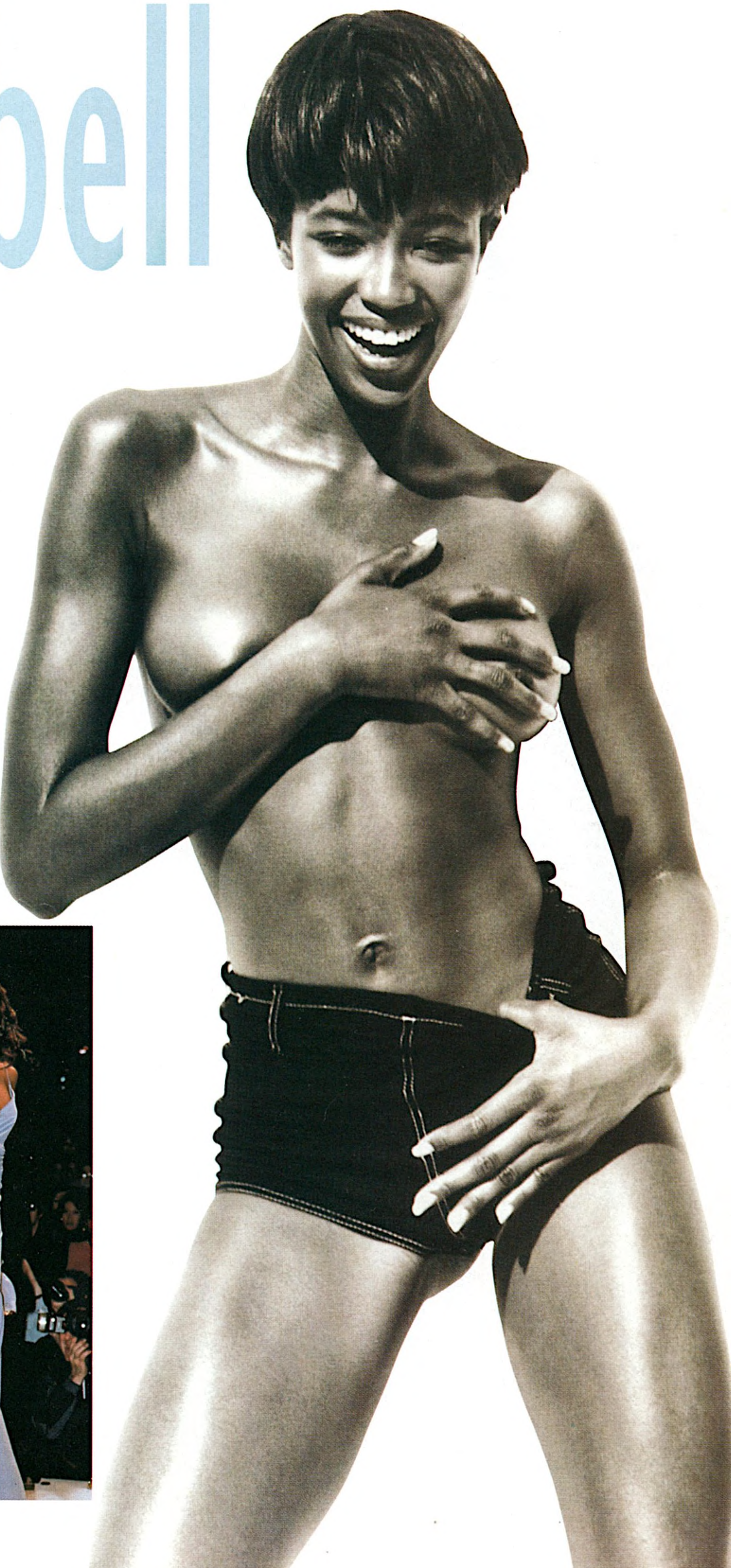
Apart from Steven and Madonna, Naomi has a lot of interesting friends, including Robert de Niro, Mike Tyson, Sylvester Stallone, George Michael and Eddie Murphy. "It's great to meet and mix with all these celebrities," she enthuses. "People like Madonna and Sylvester are just like everyone else – except they're incredibly successful."

Naomi's own success story starts in South London – where she was born – although she now lives in Manhattan, New York. She was discovered hanging around Covent Garden, still dressed in her school uniform of blue blazer and plaid mini-skirt, by the owner of a top London model agency. "I just saw this girl there with amazing legs, skinny hips and translucent skin," he says. "Even in her school uniform you could tell that she had something." Her two classmates with her, also in school uniform, were blonde and pretty, but it was Naomi that got all the attention.

She went on to model for *Elle*, then the Paris fashion shows, and quickly joined the supermodel elite along with Cindy Crawford, Linda Evangelista and Claudia Schiffer. It's hardly surprising. The mile-long chocolate brown legs, the startling almond eyes and her voluptuous lips are difficult to miss. Which is why I practically bumped into her at a recent music awards ceremony in London. Her trademark long straight hair was cropped and her top was almost see-through – but all the bits were there and very nice they looked too. She walked like a lithe panther who knows she's the cat's whiskers and oozed a sexiness that just shrieked 'goddess'.

When Mike Tyson first met her at a party in New York, he was so overwhelmed he practically threw himself at her, pinning her against a wall and refusing to let go. "Mike was chasing me all over the room," she remembers. The story goes that he was so smitten by her that he wouldn't let go and had to be persuaded by a couple of his bodyguards. "He didn't hurt me," insists Naomi, who

Campbell



says that Tyson is actually a sweet guy. The couple ended up going out with each other, though that didn't stop other women trying to pull him – even when she was with him.

"Women would go up to him and grab him and kiss him in front of me," recalls Naomi. "He would tell them that I was his girlfriend, but they didn't care!"

'Mike was chasing me all over the room' – Naomi on ex-boyfriend, Tyson

Not that Ms Campbell can't handle herself when it comes to competition. She was allegedly involved in a cat-fight with an actress who had been paying too much attention to the man Naomi had her eye on. She called her a whore, then according to one witness outside the New York club where they had been, Naomi started to 'slug away' at the actress.

It was settled amicably, but it led – according to one newspaper – to her splitting up with another famous boyfriend, Robert de Niro. The story goes that he didn't like the idea of a girlfriend who attracted so much adverse publicity. Predictably, Naomi plays it down, insisting it's all been blown out of proportion. "It's getting out of hand," she says. "People seem to be gunning for me 'cos I'm famous. The British have a peculiar attitude towards people who have done something with their lives. They build them up and then knock them down – I had a feeling it was going to happen to me."

She doesn't sound too happy and repeats that the reaction to her poses in the Madonna book is an example of how people are looking to have a go at her for whatever she does. But they were a bit saucy, weren't they?

"It was just a job," she repeats.

Like the all-nude shoot she did with fellow supermodels Cindy Crawford, Stephanie Seymour and Tatjana Patitz? Or the topless shot of her in her mini-skirt and school tie which appeared in *Elle*? Or what about the saucy video where she gyrates sexily with Michael Jackson? Don't worry about seeing more of Naomi Campbell... you've probably seen most of her already. ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Hello sires and welcome to Ye Slappitt Inn! My freehold's got room for a coach load and I'm open all hours, so come on in and taste my wares! Although you'll have to keep those waistcoats on, I'll have no jerkin off in my pub!

Did you see the sign outside, 'Lucy Undressed By Royal Request'? You know, right after King John saw me giving two of his Roundheads a couple of shandies round the back one afternoon he asked me to perform in his 'Drench A Wench On A Bench' talent contest, which I won by a head! And ever since then I've been putting a smile on every nobleman's face whenever they try and get me over a barrel.

"Firkins off!" I tell 'em. "You'll just have to make do with one of my jugs!"

And beer isn't the only thing flowing freely here either! As winter's upon us the knights are naturally getting colder, so it's my duty as a Floor Abiding Citizen to make sure there's always somewhere for them to put their weapons as they warm their cockles by my fire and settle down to some nice hot crumpet.

So, there you have it. Or you would have if you popped up my way! And if you think I look maid to measure for pleasure today, just wait till you see me next month!

Lucy x

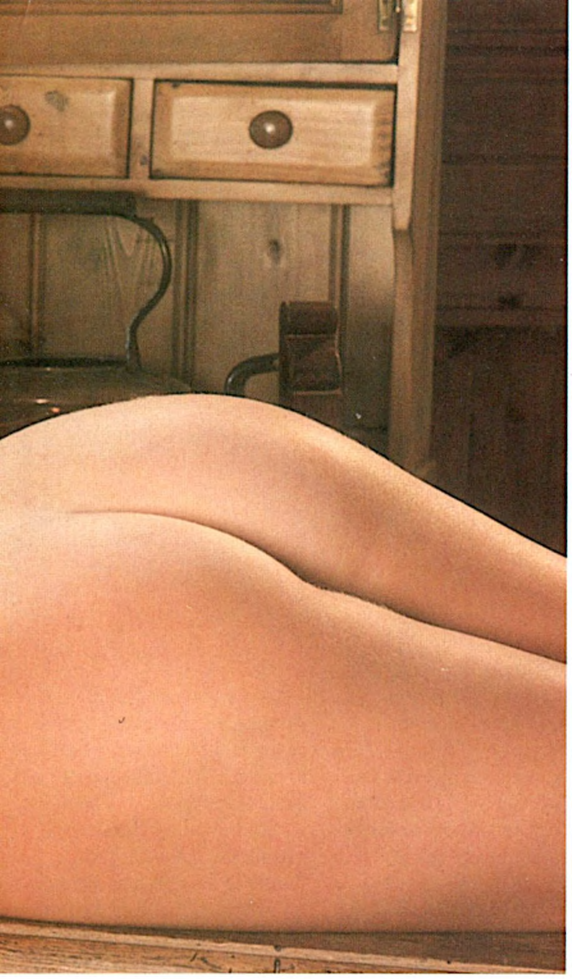
If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self–addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
You have the most perfect figure and sweet face I've ever seen, but there's one thing you haven't shown us nearly enough of, and that's your cute feet! I'd love to see you dressed in nothing but nail polish, so I could feast my eyes on every inch of your luscious naked body. Maybe you'd let me stroke and rub your feet and massage your soles too – or even suck your toes? I know it makes some girls feel terribly randy! – *Dave, Luton*
My feet are a bit ticklish and nobody's ever licked them before, but I like the idea of being pampered all over though, so perhaps I should try it. If you took it very slow, lapping at my warm, smooth skin with your wet tongue, I

think it might really turn me on. I hope you wouldn't want me to suck your feet though. But I think we could find something else for me to suck, don't you?

Dear Lucy,
I'm a fireman, and on those long nights at the station I often fantasize about you joining us as a new recruit. You'd look so sexy in a jacket and helmet – with nothing on underneath, of course! – with soot smudges on your face and a sheen of sweat between your boobs! And I'm sure us lads could find plenty of poles for you to practice sliding down on! – *Terry, London*
And I guess we could even start a few fires of our own, Terry! I know you fellas are used to taking plenty of heat, but some men have told me I'm too hot to handle. Anyway, you'd have to teach me how to turn on and handle your hose or things could get really out of control! ♣



POET'S CORNER

Ridiculous rhythmic rapport from Club poet, **Eric Law**...

Now none of us here pretend to be any great shakes at the written word – some of us can spell, some of us can type, and there is a rumour that someone here can do both. But even we simple folk know a pile of shite when we see it. And we've just seen it.

You see, someone out there has tried to raise the intellectual standards of the mag by sending us some poetry. Now poetry has about as much a place in Club as space hoppers have in dentistry, so why are we publishing it?

Basically, we're working on the theory that once such a culprit as Dan of Newcastle is held up by the scruff of the neck for national ridicule this drivel will stop. And anyway, we've had to read it, so why shouldn't you suffer too? Here goes:

I'm 18 and my name is Dan.
Of Club girls I am the greatest fan,
I'd marry Clarissa,
I'm in love with Melissa,
Devoted to Miss Halloran.
Then there are the funny bits,
Not quite as good as the tits,
But they make me smile,
Just for a while,
Then it's back to bums, legs and tits.

There's a lot more, but even we know there are limits. Our Obviously Desperate Dan reckons he's 'brilliant' and 'bloody fantastic', and would like to be compensated for his efforts. We have the thumbscrews waiting, and we would advise him to come out with his hands up. ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 4

hard," I begged. He wasted no time in parting my cunt lips and pushing his tongue inside me, and I greedily clamped my lips around his tool and took the entire length into my mouth. John powered his tool into my mouth as fast as he could, while he plunged his tongue as far into my pussy as I thought it could possibly go. At this pace we couldn't really last long, and as I felt myself nearing a delicious orgasm I sucked even harder on his tool, until we both came together, rolling around on the bed until we fell off into a sweaty pile on the floor!

After that, we ended up going back down to the bar for another drink – and I ended up in bed alone – but not before I sucked each of them off again in the lift! – *Cathy, London*

Office Antics

I am a secretary for a large fashion company in London, and thought you might like to know about a little escapade that happened to me at Christmas.

As usual, it was the office party that made it happen, so really I should have known a little better. But then again it was all kind of innocent – in a way!

The party had gone on right through lunch and well into the afternoon. Some of the staff had gone home, some were snogging in the corner, and some were just getting the boss drunk and hassling him for a pay rise.

Anyway, my friend Dan asked if there were any more tapes as he was getting bored hearing the same one being played over and over again. I said there were some on the top floor of the building, so we climbed up the stairs. I knew he'd fancied me for ages, but I'd never really given him the time of day as I'd been seeing somebody else. But that had just ended and I was on the look-out again!

I was first up the stairs, and I soon realised Dan was looking right up my skirt and getting a good eyeful of the tops of my stockings, as well as my pussy which was showing through my rather skimpy knickers. I should have pulled my skirt down, but for some reason I wanted him to fancy me.

We got to the top and I sat down cross-legged on the floor, and started sorting through the tapes. Again I saw Dan staring at the hair from my cunt which was poking out of my knickers.

Well, if he was going to stare, then so was I! I could see I was giving him a bulge in his trousers. Blushing, I asked him if he liked what he could see.

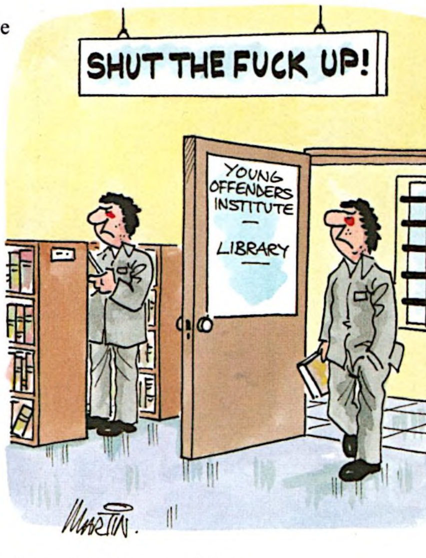
"I'd be a fool if I said I didn't," he laughed. "And it's giving my prick a real throbber too."

"I'm sure we can do something about that," I smiled back, amazed at how forward I was being. "Do you think you could help me to the sofa over there," I said, and with that Dan picked me up and carried me across the room, and gently laid me down, but not before I felt his stiff prick rubbing against me with every step.

I undid his zip and reached for his cock. It was so hot and thick I yanked it towards me and started to lick it straight away. Dan was gasping as I took the whole length of his cock into my mouth, sucking like mad as I gave him a really good gobble.

After a few minutes of me slurping and him panting for air I could feel he was close to coming, so I pulled my lips away from his shining cock.

"My turn now!" he said, getting the message, and falling to his knees he swung my feet onto the floor and rolled my mini-skirt up my open thighs. He pushed his head up between my legs and



GETTING LAGERED WITH MARY WHITEHOUSE

This month's guest is no stranger to getting them in. **Mary Whitehouse** shows you how to get the most out of your local.

Blow me, where do you start? Gin, wine, Guinness, sherry, whatever you fancy. Lager's always been a personal favourite of mine — and a couple of pints of Tennents before you go out will line your stomach a treat. Oh, don't forget your darts and always put a fiver in your handbag, you know, for a curry on the way home.

When you get to the pub, bung a monkey on the slate, ask if Fat Harry's been in and kick off with a treble gin and a bottle of Newcastle Brown. After 'aving six more of the same you might just feel the need to move on to a man's drink, and this is when a whole bottle of Teacher's comes in very handy.

By now the room will be spinning like the inside of a washing machine, so what better way to let the dog see the rabbit than half a pint of ginger wine and a yard of Cinzano. *Now* you're drunk.

Then to round off a perfect evening, call the landlord a bastard, pick a fight with the jukebox, walk into lamposts and vomit all over a police car. Oh, and don't forget to put the cat out when you get in.

The Editor would like to point out that this is supposed to be a spoof and is not intended to be taken seriously. On the other hand, it was supposed to be funny as well. Write something funny about Mary Whitehouse, I said. Shouldn't be difficult, should it? I reckon we're just paying them too much, they're getting lazy. On the other hand I couldn't find time to rewrite it, so I suppose we're even. Anyway, then, it's a spoof. So don't sue. Please. Ta. ♣

started running his tongue over my soaking panties, massaging my bum as he licked at the thin material till I was dripping wet.

I couldn't stand this much longer and yanked them aside for Dan to lick my wet pussy. His tongue dived down onto my cunt lips, his face getting covered in my juices as he flicked his tongue over my aching clit and buried his whole face into me.

"Fuck me now, Dan," I screamed. "I need your cock in me now!" and suddenly there was Dan, stripping off and jumping on top of me, passionately kissing my lips and neck and tits as he slid his cock into my randy cunt. He completely filled me as he rammed in and out, faster and faster with long, hard strokes as his lips met mine again.

I lifted my legs around his back as my stockinged legs and high heels rubbed him all over, and grabbed his bum to pull him into me even more.

"Let's do it doggy style!" he eventually gasped. Now this is my favourite position, so I quickly pulled away from him, turned over onto my stomach and leant over the arm of the sofa, my head nearly touching the floor.

With his hands either side of my bum he pumped in again, pushing me harder and harder into the cushions. I knew I was about to come and screamed out loud for him to come too. Fuck knows how he managed it, but he just wouldn't stop pounding away.

So pulling away from him and turning around, I pushed him back down on the sofa and eased my cunt into his face, my head inches away from his cock. He'd been fucking for so long it was rock hard as I swallowed it.

His tongue-fucking was nearly as hard as his shagging and I thought I'd suffocate him, but I think he was more concerned about getting as much of his cock in my mouth as possible as we both gobbled away at each other like mad.

Soon I could feel his hips move faster and faster and with one last push his prick spurted into my mouth. I moaned as I felt each shot of his spunk hit the back of my throat, and I gulped down every drop, sucking him dry.

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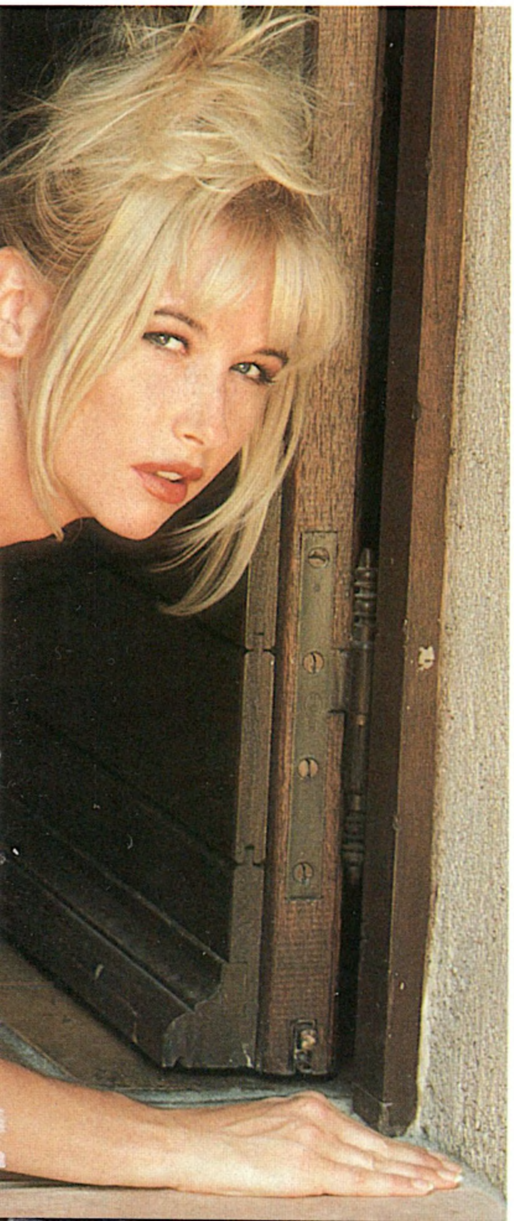
continued on page 43

Photographs by Michael Moore

Gracing our pages once again is the beautiful Ellen, who believe it or not, actually refused to take everything off!

"I know you'll think I'm silly but I have to keep something *on, even if it is my trainers! You see, I'm still a bit nervous about doing this, and I don't feel so, well, naughty if I've still got at least one part of me covered. I just hope your readers won't mind."*

No, we don't mind, do we? We're just glad she didn't want to keep her duffel coat on... ♣



nikki

Photograaphs by Maria Clarke

What's this? Cheers *actress Kirsty Ally actually getting her kit off for the camera? Well, no. It's actually the gorgeous Nikki who bares more than a passing resemblance to her — as you'll soon see!*

"I guess I do look like her, the same hairstyle, same figure, but unfortunately that's where the similarity ends. I mean, if I was going out with that hunky Ted Danson I wouldn't even be here."

So you'd stop modelling for Club as soon as you became rich and famous? Charming!

"Oh no, it's that I wouldn't just have stars in my eyes, I'd have stars in my bedroom! If he was lying there next to me every day I wouldn't ever be able to get up in the morning."

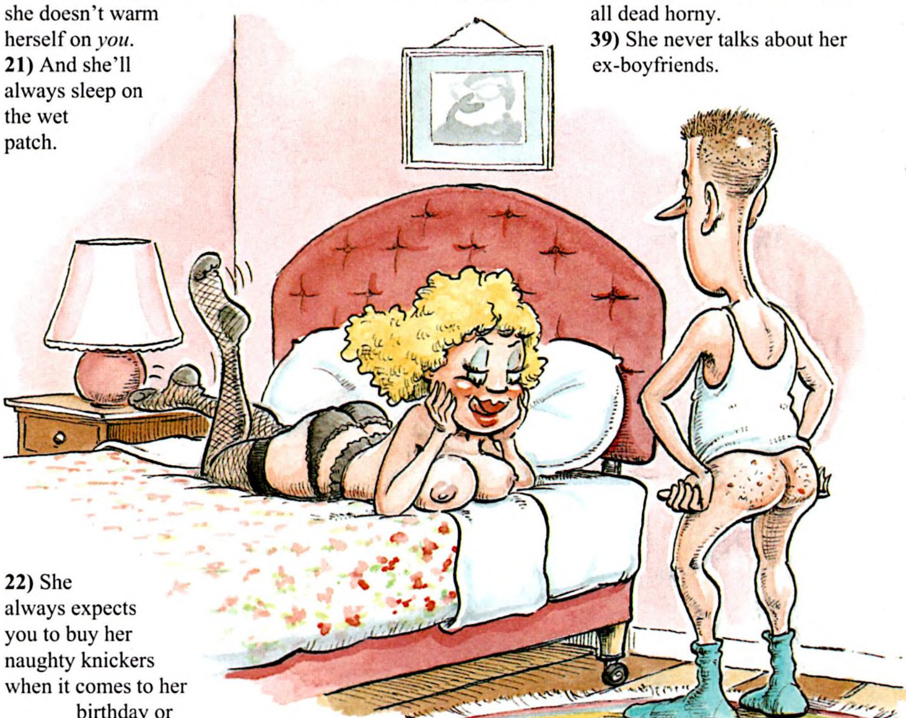
That's funny, because we reckon he would! ♣

women

PERFECT PARTNER

Is your other half the personification of perfection, or persona non grata? Check out our fifty fabulous pointers – and if she scores more than thirty send her round to us...

1) She doesn't mind you going out or staying out, even if it's with other girls if you want to.
2) And at the same time, she hates going out herself and enjoys nothing better than staying in on her own, hoovering.
3) She's a brilliant cook and loves washing up.
4) She earns a fortune and gets a real kick out of paying for your holidays.
5) Even if you're standing in the middle of a Chippendale audition in a string vest and y-fronts, she'd think you were the dishiest thing there.
6) She can't help wiggling her bottom when she walks.
7) She says, "Of course, I'd love to have a threesome. My only problem is, there aren't two of you, darling." Then she agrees to have a session with you and one of your ex-girlfriends.
8) She laughs at all your jokes.
9) She knows exactly what suits you and stops you from buying crap when you're out shopping together.
10) She's the favourite daughter of the chairman of a recently privatised industry. Daddy has a heart condition and is under a lot of stress.
11) She likes football.
12) She loves blowjobs.
13) She doesn't want to get married.
14) She hates kids.
15) Whenever you go to get a video out, she unashamedly goes for the dirtiest one, instead of some bleeding heart romantic tripe with Patrick Swayze or Kevin Costner in it.
16) All the men fancy her, but she's only got eyes for you! Ah... dream on.
17) Her breasts actually seem to grow a bit every month.
18) She lets you win arguments when she knows you're in a mood.
19) She doesn't mind you going straight to sleep after you've bonked.
20) Even if she's freezing cold when she gets into bed she doesn't warm herself on *you*.
21) And she'll always sleep on the wet patch.



22) She always expects you to buy her naughty knickers when it comes to her birthday or Christmas.
23) She doesn't mind the pics of Claudia Schiffer/Cindy Crawford/ Kate Moss that you've stuck up in the bedroom.
24) Quite amazingly she doesn't think of Robert Redford/ Kevin Costner/ Mel Gibson when she's shagging you.
25) She actually finds it quite sexy when you wear socks in bed.
26) She'll pick up your copy of Club at the newsagents every month...
27) ...and reads it herself too.
28) She doesn't mind you smoking in bed.
29) She doesn't call you Snugglebum (in public anyway).
30) She doesn't nick the bedcovers.
31) She puts on make-up *before* she gets into bed with you.
32) And she still looks great first thing in the morning.
33) She loves bringing you fresh strawberries and cream for breakfast.
34) She tells you that she loves you at every available opportunity.
35) If you're off sick from work, she insists on taking the day off as well to look after you.
36) She doesn't moan if you turn up pissed at two in the morning expecting a shag.
37) She loves giving massages.
38) Her girlfriends/friends are all dead horny.
39) She never talks about her ex-boyfriends.
40) She never talks about diets or how bad her cellulite looks – because she doesn't have any.
41) She finds her Ferrari too difficult to drive, so she likes you to do it for her.
42) She says "That's okay honey, I understand," when she's feeling horny but you're too tired for sex. And then asks, "But would you mind if I played with myself while you watch?"

43) She wears stockings and suspenders *constantly*.
44) She never has PMT.
45) She lives in her own flat, but still wants to come round to your place and do the washing up "because it's so relaxing". She also has a better hi-fi than you and a really cool record collection.
46) She gasps, moans and yells in bed. And not because she's got cramp.
47) She likes a good drink, unless one of you has got to drive, in which case she suddenly only fancies orange juice. And she doesn't mind.
48) She'll go on sucking your willy for ten minutes after you've come, for the sheer hell of it.
49) She seems quite prim and proper, but then begs you to talk filthy to her in bed.
50) She never thinks it's your job to give her an orgasm, but comes all the time anyway. ♣

Dear Andrea,

I have never written in to a magazine before, but after seeing your fantastic spread in Club (Vol 22 No 5) I had to write in to thank you.

My girlfriend, Miranda, and I always read the magazine together, and she was as turned on as I was when she saw your gorgeous face, beautiful bosoms and car-stopping bum!

"Wouldn't it be really great to get Andrea into bed with us both, Mark?" she said to me later that night. She had a wicked glint in her eye, I can tell you. Of course, my answer was a resounding "Yes!"

So how about it, Andrea – I know you'd make the two of us very happy! – *Mark (and Miranda), Yeovil*

It's always been a fantasy of mine to go to bed with a couple, Mark. I can't think of anything better than to get on my hands and knees with a girl in front of me, my hands and face on her pussy while a guy slips his hard cock into me from behind.

Then the three of us would work up a rhythm, me wriggling my bum back to get every inch into me and the girl pushing herself hard onto my face until we all came at once. So far I've been too shy to actually do anything as naughty as that – but I'm always happy to try new experiences! – *Andrea* ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 32

"Don't stop now!" I mumbled, my mouth still full of his cock, as I felt another orgasm swelling up inside me. I screamed out loud as I came, arching my back and pushing hard onto his face as my cream poured onto his face.

I was just slowing down as he lapped up the remainder of my juices, when suddenly there was an explosion of cheering, and we both looked up to see everyone from the office standing in the doorway, clapping! Apparently, they'd heard my screams and had come running up to see if I was all right.

Well, believe me, I've never lived that afternoon down. But at least they've all promised to put on a show for us next year! – *Laura, London*

Lessons In Lust!

My name is Joanne, I'm 23, have a 35-22-34 figure and I live with my best friend Diane, who is not only the same age, but has a pretty similar figure too.

We both work at our local gym, me as an aerobics instructor and Diane as a swimming coach, so you can imagine how fit we both are!

Anyway, one day last month we got wind of a new staff member joining us. Graham would soon be holding self-defence evenings at the gym, and when we eventually met him we both agreed that this hunk would have to go through our very special initiation ceremony – and soon!

FIRE!
MARTIN

One night after classes we all went to the local to find out a bit more about this new member.

"Well, I'm 27, single and moved here from London to meet some new people. You know, I wasn't even able to find myself a girlfriend when I lived in London..." Me and Diane nearly choked on our drinks, and without further ado invited him to the party we suddenly decided we would be having that Saturday!

"This Saturday? Well, yes, that would be great. You sure you want me to come?" he grinned, with a horny twinkle in his eye.

"I think I can safely say we would both like to see you there," I laughed back. I think he got the message!

The day finally arrived, and Diane and I spent the morning shopping for the tightest mini-dresses we could find, and the afternoon getting the flat ready. At eight o'clock we were all set, and dead on time there was a knock on the door. I opened it to find Graham's handsome face staring at me.

"Hi," he smiled. "I hope I'm not too early."

"No, come on in!" I replied, leading him inside to the lounge.

"Oh, looks like I'm the first..." he laughed.

"Ah, yes, well, there's something, er, we forgot to tell you. I'm afraid no-one else was invited," I stammered, not quite sure how he'd react.

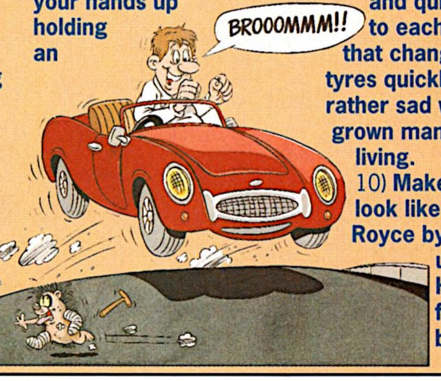
"Oh... I see. Well, we better

continued on page 98

THE POINTLESS BIT

This month we are very proud to present *Ten Pointless Things To Do For Motorists*. So put your clutch down, shave your headrests and give way to the following...

1) **When driving with passengers, turn to them and give them a wild-eyed laugh as you down a bottle of vodka and load your gun.**
2) **Apologise to a lollipop lady for giggling at her job.**
3) **Reason with a traffic warden.**
4) **Buy a nodding dog.**
5) **Buy stickers that tell other people where you've recently enjoyed a day out (eg Alton Towers, Longleat, Pentonville).**
6) **Overtake a police car at 90mph while sitting in the passenger seat with your hands up holding an imaginary wheel and going "Brroooommm!"**
7) **Glance in your rear-view mirror and mutter, "Jeez, I gotta tail already" before driving off a cliff in a ball of flames.**
8) **Walk into a car showroom and urinate on a Fiat.**
9) **Go to Brands Hatch and quietly point out to each pit team that changing some tyres quickly is really a rather sad way for a grown man to make a living.**
10) **Make your car look like a Rolls Royce by nailing an upright Hoover to the front of your bonnet.** ♣



Photographs by Jack Harrison

Barbara

After her appearance last month, the beautiful Barbara received so many letters asking for more we just had to ask her back to bare her all.

"That's the first time I've heard it called that!" laughed the stunning 20-year-old as she made herself comfortable on the bed. "But it's good to be wanted, even if it's up to no good! Honestly, if I tried out some of your readers' suggestions I'd never walk in a straight line again!

"I even read a couple out loud to my boyfriend, and I must admit we got rather turned on."

Ha! So you did *give some of them a go!*

"Well, yes, we did. And as he's French and doesn't speak much English I had to show him what they meant. I nearly died laughing when I tried to get him dressed up as a policeman in suspenders! Come to think of it, getting them off was more of a problem..." ♣

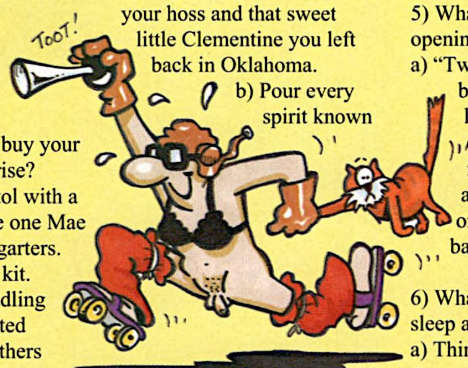
club
Barbara

quiz

ARE YOU KINKY?

Is it naughty or nice? Or is naughty nice? To find out, **Ray Bentos** asks the questions other magazines would chuck in the bin. So go on... reveal yourself!

1) What would you get in for a dinner party?
a) Some beans and coffee.
b) A vat of lager and a barrel of wine.
c) Several huge German sausages and a lollipop.



2) What would you buy your loved one as a surprise?
a) A little silver pistol with a pearl handle like the one Mae West tucked in her garters.
b) A home brewery kit.
c) An inflatable paddling pool filled with melted chocolate, some feathers and a nurse's outfit.

3) If you were on your own one evening, what would you do for entertainment?
a) Sing a song about the stars, your hoss and that sweet little Clementine you left back in Oklahoma.
b) Pour every spirit known to man in the sink, take a deep breath and drink the lot.
c) Jump about on your water-bed naked with a chef's hat on, covered in jelly, whilst holding a picture of Gloria Hunniford blowing a trumpet.

4) What's your favourite sport?
a) Getting drunk, then riding into town with four buddies shooting at the sky and shouting 'Yeeee-haaaaa!' and scaring the townsfolk.
b) Playing 'Look How I Can Get A Shot Out Of Every Optic In The Pub Down My Throat In Under A Minute'.
c) Naked mud wrestling, naked parachuting or naked chess.

5) What would be your opening chat-up line?
a) "Two bucks enough?"
b) "Thank you, mine's a large one."
c) Nothing, just walk into a pub in a suit of armour, slap a marrow on the bar and give the barmaid a wink.

6) What do you do to get to sleep at night?
a) Think of how you're going to spend those two silver dollars when you get to Dodge City.
b) Have a quick nightcap. You know, bottle of brandy or something...
c) Wear yourself out by covering your body in chalk dust and running around with a recipe for avocado dip stapled to your nipples.

7) What do you look for in a woman?
a) Her tits, godammit!
b) Money and a love of getting 'em in.
c) Someone who is good at Frank Spencer impressions, owns a watering can and likes standing in yoghurt.

8) Would you ever marry?
a) Someday, yep. Mebbe settle down someplace an' lead a decent life out where there ain't no injuns.
b) To a brewery or a liver transplant donor maybe.
c) Yes. But only if the vicar wore tights, the congregation were up to their knees in roller skates and the whole thing took place in a mound of warm Turkish delight.

9) Did you enjoy your schooldays?
a) Ain't never had no schoolin'. Pa made me plough his goddam field with a spoon 'til I was old enough to fill him full o' lead.
b) No, because it wasted formative drinking years.
c) Yes... those uniforms! Mmmm. Those grey socks and Clark's sandals. And that satchel! Smashin'.

10) Do you think people like you should be locked up and the key thrown away?
a) Well, let me tell you summat, buddy, they'll never take me alive, see? No goddam sheriff an' his posse is gonna take me to that ol' lynchin' tree. No, siree.
b) Only if it's in the King's Head off the Old Kent Road.
c) Yes! Yes, yes... please! Eat

SEX, DRUGS AND FREE VIDEOS

It's not all naked women, dirty stories and naughty videos here at Club. Sometimes we feel we've got a social responsibility to our readership; so this month we're going to give away a couple of educational videos. Yep, that's right...

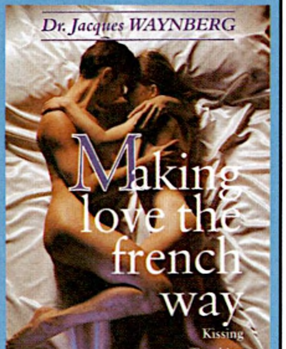
We'll start with the best one. *Reefer Madness* explores the effect of a vile evil that threatened to undermine the American youth of the 1960s – marijuana. The video contains dramatised excerpts showing straight jocks who turned into killers after a single joint.

Effects include wild laughter, hallucinations and a loss of emotions; and I got that from just watching the film! Overacted, over-the-top and over the counter at your video shop: you'll love it.

The other vid is just as funny. *Making Love – The French Way* is exactly what it sounds like – a video that teaches you how to fuck like a Frenchie. Now exactly what our cousins across the Channel can teach us is beyond me, but the video features a tasty French bird with a horny accent. What next, we ask? Porking Like A Pole, Banging Like A Belgian...

If you fancy winning either one of these, then send us a postcard suggesting an imaginary third accompanying video to match these two. How about *Slimming Tips with Dawn French*, or maybe *The Lovers Guide with Vera Duckworth*... get the drift? We await your witty answers with baited breath. Really... ♣

Motion Picture Ventures presents
ADULTS ONLY!
The Sweet PILL that MAKES LIFE BITTER!
WOMEN CRY FOR IT- MEN DIE FOR IT!
"REEFER MADNESS"
SEE
15
DRUG-CRAZED ABANDON
YOUTHFUL MARIHUANA VICTIMS
WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS!


Dr. Jacques WAYNBERG
Making love the french way
Kissing
Touching
Caressing
Sensuality
Relaxation
WARNING THIS VIDEO CONTAINS SCENES OF A SEXUALLY EXPLICIT NATURE
18

sport

ASHES TO ASHES...

What are the essential credentials for the Aussie cricketers this summer? A bushy moustache and a fat arse if **Maurice Short** is to be believed...

Rattle your chains, unblock the chemical toilet and send your sheep to the launderette – yes, it's time once again to welcome Australia's cricketers to these shores. Men of steel in green caps who are prepared to do for our game what Rolf Harris has done for Led Zeppelin.

In the great journalistic tradition of hiring experts to avoid having to do any work myself, I've asked my old chum from Down Under, Ken Chunder of the *Low Hung Goolie Daily Dingo*, to fill us in on what to expect. Give it to us straight, mate...

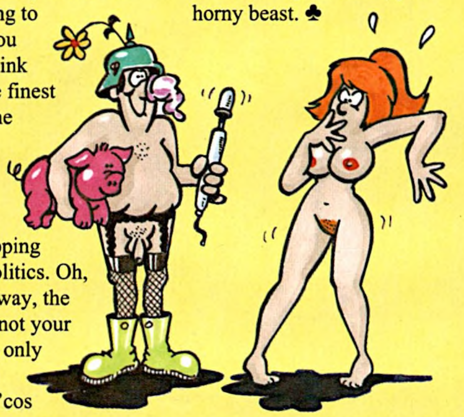
"G'day. Now, before you bastards go getting the wind up your freckle, let's get one thing clear. Unlike my more unprincipled colleagues, I'm not going to abuse this opportunity by using it as a chance to churn out a load of anti-British comments about how you don't wash, always have green gunk dribbling out of your facial brackets and are just a bunch of whinging chinless Poms.

"Nor will there be any jokes like that one about the

the bloody key! Put me in a strait jacket... people like me deserved to be punished. Hang me up by the bottom and spank me! Ooh...

Mostly As: You are not kinky, but you are a cowboy. You spend your days gobbing tobacco into brass spittoons and shooting coyotes. You wear one of those one-piece long-johns with a flap at the back and have terrible teeth. Also, if you're a baddy you probably keep saying things like, "Dang it, Earl, I say we shoot him now!"

Mostly Bs: Again, not kinky, more seriously drunk. Isn't it annoying how you have to stop drinking to breathe? You probably think some of the finest people in the world can only be found in your local boozer crapping on about politics. Oh, and by the way, the landlord is not your mate. He is only laughing at your jokes 'cos you're paying for his holiday and his daughter's education.



Mostly Cs: Ah-ha! Home and dry! Or rather, home and wet with a pair of fruit bowls on your head and a damp apron tied around your ankles. You are kinky. You look at bottles of washing-up liquid with a twinkle in your eye and can't wait to get home where you can sit in the fridge and smear lard all over your privates. You squirt Primula cheese spread on your bed and roll around with a 1989 Home and Away Christmas Annual sellotaped to your bottom just to *relax*. Come here and rub some bovril on my buttocks, you horny beast. ♣

Pommie who walks into a bar with a skunk under his arm. The barman says, 'Where did you get that smelly animal from?' And the skunk says, 'I won him in a raffle'.

"And it's not going to contain any of the sort of language that would strip paint off the walls of a knob doctor's surgery neither. No, what you're going to get here is just good solid info.

***Anil Kumble**: It's the way he bowls 'em...*

"Now, in attempting an analysis of our touring team I could bore you with a load of dry-as-a-donkey-shite-in-the-desert statistics; but that would be about as much fun as a blow-job from a rattlesnake. Instead I've used my own method of assessing the team's calibre. This scientific process has evolved over years of sitting on the Sydney Hill, my laughing gear wrapped around a few gallons of lager, watching our cricketers beating the crap out of your mob.

"Basically, I see three requirements for becoming a top Wallaby cricketer:

a) A moustache.

b) An arse so large it looks like a space-saving way of storing a fold-out double bed.

c) A permanent pained look on the face that suggests he is about to gob out a lump of grockle the size of Tasmania.

"A look back at great Aussie teams of the past proves my point. As some of the older readers may remember, Greg Chappell was described in our press as elegant. Mind you, we come from a country whose two leading exports are a middle-aged man in drag and a stick insect in a leather bikini, so what we think is elegant is different from you.

"Then there was Rod Marsh, a man with more lip hair than a room full of Iraqi generals. And the man with buttocks like barrage balloons, a moustache like a walrus and the demented grin of someone whose interval Lucozade has been spiked with LSD – Max Walker.

"And bringing up the rear end, Ashley Mallet, DK Lillee and Jeff Thomson. Ah, hell, I could go on for hours, but to my mind the past's like a scorpion infested toilet – it's best not to dwell on it too long. So let's take a look and see how the present lot measure up...

***Allan Border**: Decent all-rounder, but his moustache could let him down*

"Well, we've got Allan Border. His arse certainly fits the bill, especially as it seems to start just below his shoulder blades and ends above his knees. Sadly his bush tickler's a bit on the scrawny side.

"There's also DC Boon: big backloader and so much fuzz on his mush he's nicknamed 'Babs' on account of his resemblance to the monkeys in Sydney Safari Park.

"Then, of course, there's Merv Hughes. I know Merv's popular with you Poms too; last time I was in London I went into a Hampstead pub and found myself in the middle of a Merv Hughes look-alike contest! The place was full of blokes with cropped hair, handlebar moustaches and trousers so tight their owners risked being charged with breaking the hosepipe ban. As I remarked to one fella, 'I'm glad to see not all you Poms are shirtlifters'. Funny thing was he kept inviting me to go to the toilet with after that. Probably some local custom.

"Apart from Allan, Merv and 'Bab' Boon, things aren't looking too good. Of course there's Dean Jones – a bloke so big-headed when he needs a new cap his outfitters simply fit a peak on a beach umbrella – and those Waugh brothers. But let's face it, I've seen more facial fuzz on a kookaburra's chuff than those three can manage.

"All in all, I'm not confident. Especially after the stuffing we received from Bishop, Walsh and Ambrose.

"Still I am looking forward to getting over to England again. I've got to say that I love your houses! The wedgewood china, the roses round the door, the pig-on-a-string in the corner to act as an air freshener. And, contrary to opinion here in Oz, I find you Poms very hospitable. For example, the Merv Hughes look-alike in Hampstead said he'd put me up whenever I felt like coming across. You can't say fairer than that, can you?

"Well, that's about it. Except to say that I hope your lot takes a bigger hammering than a blind cobbler's thumb. G'day..."

● And thank you, Ken. But if the Australian team had problems with the Windies over the winter, what about England's Indian trip? The bowlers were about as effective as West Ham's bond scheme and the only time the batsmen got runs was when they ate some dodgy prawns.

According to the men in charge our team failed because they were shocked by Indian conditions. Apparently they couldn't cope with the dirt, noise, traffic and terrible public transport system. So fuck knows how they'll manage to play in South London this summer, poor dears.

● Far and away the most entertaining thing to happen in English cricket for decades was the appointment of Keith Fletcher as team manager. 'Gnome' took over from Micky Stewart – very much the Nigel Kennedy of sport – and showed himself to be a clairvoyant genius in the mould of Tony 'Grovel' Grieg and Graham 'Put your feet up' Taylor.

Back from watching India play South Africa last winter, Fletch told the press that the leg-spinner Kumble was "nothing for us to be afraid of". Kumble then took 25 wickets in three matches against England, five times more than any of our own spinners.

When Fletcher was appointed to the post of Test supremo the newspapers universally applauded the decision, judging that the Essex man "reads the game better than anyone in the country". God help us. ♣

***Merv Hughes**: Hampstead hero?*

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Charlie

If anyone was to the manor porn, then surely it has to be Lady Charlie here, and with that riding crop in her hand it looks like she's ready to have it out with a wayward member of her staff!

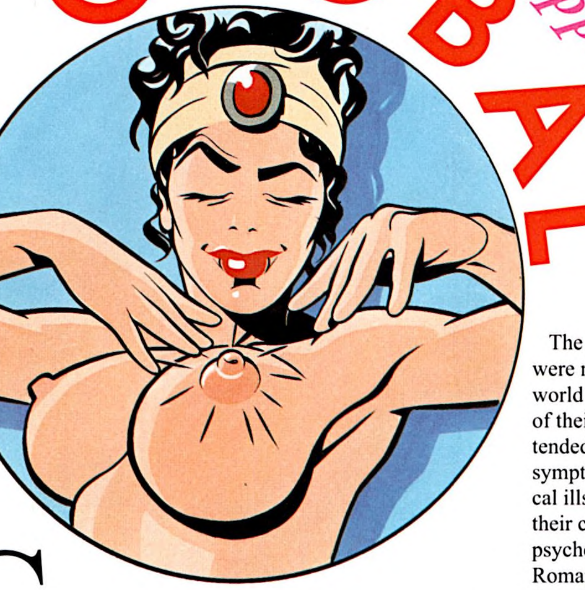
"I certainly feel like taking someone in hand!" purred the sexy 20-year-old. "I can just imagine one of my serving maids coming in here all dolled up in her little apron, asking if she can serve tea. Then as she

bent down to stoke the fire I'd pounce on her and we'd be rolling around on the bearskin rug covering each other in whipped cream and plum jam...

"Then we'd finish off by getting a nice bit of Earl Grey down our throats. That is, as long as he didn't mind..."♣

Brenda D. Cupp's GLOBAL PHENOMENA

Inventor, sage and author of '2001 – A Space Odyssey Maybe, But A Pretty Poor in Sonic the Hedgehog', **Brenda D. Cupp** once again opens up her annals for your perusal...



Can a witch doctor heal a ruptured spleen? Can voodoo kill a man? Can any of the cast of *Have I Got News For You* crack a joke without looking as smug as a dog with two dicks? In this month's journey into the alimentary canal of worldly phenomena we dart into the duodenum of human experience to probe two of these polyp-like questions (the other one will be dealt with when we reach the lower colon, in a chapter entitled 'The Mystery Of Angus Deayton And Other Self-Satisfied-Pains-In-The-Arse'). Today we poke around in the pellets of non-conventional health care and examine its success and failures, a subject which inevitably leads us onto the largest imponderable of all. The one whose solution is the cornerstone of many of the worlds religions. Yes, this month we tackle the big one and ask: Why do we keep putting money into London Underground chocolate machines when we know we're not going to get anything out of them?

Leech To His Own

Since time immemorial, man has sought to relieve the pain and discomfort of disease and injury. In early times this was a task undertaken by the druids; a group of clever Celts who knew the properties of all plants and herbs and used them accordingly. Many of the names by which we know wild flowers today originated during this time. For example, scabious was used to treat scabies; tulips for cold sores and poppies to treat piles. Bluebell and stinkhorn were diseases of a sexual nature, while that-one-that-looks-a-bit-like-a-primrose-only-it's-pink-and-taller-and-has-different-shaped-leaves was used to cure amnesia.

> 'Hire a big, hairy Germanic tribesman for the night – the laying of Hans is still practised'

Sometimes, just as with today's drugs, the druids herbal remedies could have serious side-effects on the mood of the patient. Queen Boadicea was prescribed a warm beverage to drink every afternoon to treat period pains. Later, she was seen charging around Colchester in a chariot with scythes on the wheels, doing untold damage to the local traffic wardens and taunting police that their case would never stand up in court (he did, but only with the aid of crutches). At her trial, Boadicea blamed her behaviour on her PM tea. As a result, she was given a suspended sentence – she was hung from a tree.

The Romans themselves were no strangers to the world of medicine. Because of their cerebral natures, they tended to view bodily pain as symptomatic of psychological ills. As a result most of their cures tended to have a psychosomatic element. A Roman woman suffering from insomnia, for example, would usually nip down to the chemists and hire a big, hairy Germanic tribesman for the night – the laying of Hans is still practised to this day, particularly in Tenerife. Roman men usually attempted to ease nervous tension by picking up girls in the pub and engaging in cunnilingus with them. Despite the fact that bar-bits-you-ate tend to be highly addictive, in our own century some people still use 'going-downers' for stress relief. By the Middle Ages these cures had given way to forms of treatment which are clearly recognisable as the roots of modern medicine. Doctors studied the human body and undertook surgical operations which, nine times out of ten, succeeded in alleviating the patients pain and discomfort. Usually by killing them. Greater knowledge of the pulmonary system led to the treatment of high blood pressure by the application of leeches. Amazingly, leeches are still used in the medical profession to this day. They sell health insurance.

Aroma Round, Around, Around, Around

With the development of traditional health care over five centuries, it might seem that the older methods would have been discarded. Not so. There are still many today who swear by the ancient remedies. Cures handed down over the centuries, from subtle folklore advice such as 'Feed a cold, starve a fever', 'Better out than in' and 'Feed a starve and cold a fever'; to the old Yorkshire belief that the best way to ease the irritation of a persistent little wart is to switch off the television set whenever Paul Daniels appears on it.

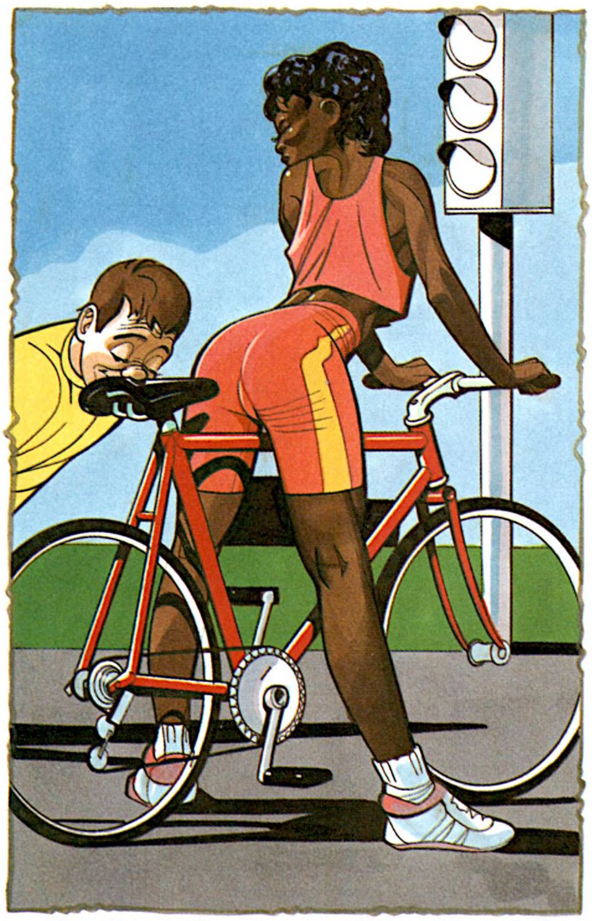
Other, more sophisticated, forms of alternative health care have evolved too.

Homeopathy is a form of medicine based on the concept that an ailment is best treated by stimulating the body's immune system using a tiny amount of the thing which is causing the sickness. Someone suffering from flu, for example, would be given a dose of the flu virus; while someone who had been hit by a truck would be run over again with a Fiat Panda. There are many sub-branches of homeopathy, and these include:

Barratt-Homeopathy – a belief that all human ills can be rectified by giving the patient free kitchen units.

Sherlock Holmeseopathy – uses detective logic to identify the cause of the illness and then gets Dr Watson to shoot it.

Illustrations by Adam Willis



'Inhaling oils extracted from the saddle of Whitney Houston's bicycle boosts a man's chances of getting a jail sentence'

Homealoneopathy – a conviction that everyone will feel a lot better when that little bastard gets a taste of his own medicine.

Aromatherapy is a constantly developing brand of alternative oils extracted from natural sources to prevent or cure diseases. Garlic oil, rubbed on the face and chest is said to stop you from contracting colds. Mainly because no-one ever comes near you. While inhaling oils extracted from the saddle of Whitney Houston's bicycle boosts a man's chances of getting a jail sentence.

Many of our most popular forms of alternative medicine come from the Orient. The Chinese are credited with inventing acupuncture. Acupuncture is a process which involves sticking pins in one part of the body to ease discomfort in another. Not just a treatment, it can also be used to help cure people of addictions such as smoking. The process by which this is achieved takes typical Eastern subtlety, years of training and the ability to hold someone down while fixing their gob shut with an industrial stapler.

Another alternative medicine introduced from China is Shiah Tzu. This is a psychological means of curing minor aches and pains. The therapy involves the following process: the patient arrives at the therapist's workplace and says that he would like to try an alternative treatment for his illness. The therapist asks "Shiah Tzu?". To which the patient replies "Bless you!". And, having made this rather pathetic joke, he goes home feeling a whole lot better.

Second Hand Kharma

Of course, the main source of new alternative treatments is not the East, but the West. To be precise, California.

California is the home of New Age philosophy, and there are two main groups of New Agers. The Aquarians believe that we are moving into the Age of Aquarius – a period of love in which every one will take off their clothes and sing songs about peace. And there's the Savillites, who believe we are about to enter the Age of the Train – a time of uncertainty and delays during which many people will starve to death because by the time they get to the front of the queue the buffet car will have shut.

Despite their differing fundamental beliefs both groups share a passion for the types of medicine that feature more quacks than an orgy in Donald Duck's bath.

Crystals, for example, are considered to have special powers. Rub a large crystal over your body daily and you will stay forever young, they say. Which probably explains why *Dynasty's* Blake Carrington ditched Joan Collins in favour of Linda (Krystal the Bristols) Evans, though it didn't seem to stop his hair from going greyer than John Major's vest.

Another popular form of New Age health care is colonic irrigation. This is an Americanised version of our own ginantonic irrigation, but without the lemon slice.

New Agers are also keen proponents of cryogenics. This is a method of freezing people when they die, so that in a future time they can be brought back to life. Many famous personalities have been frozen in this way including Walt Disney and John Wayne. While in Santa Barbara last year, I visited leading cryogenisist Mickey Mousse. As we slurped our pink Ice Pops, I quizzed him on the topic. Then, after he had given me all the details on it's nougat filling, I asked him about cryogenics.

Frozen Stiffs

Cupp: Are there any problems with the cryogenic process?

Mousse: A few. Mainly of the sort that any freezer owner will be familiar with. You know how you can never read the labels when they've got frost on them?

Cupp: Yeah. You end up tucking into a plate of pie and chips with some melon balls you thought were brussel sprouts. And the pie turns out to be apple. But you only find out after you've poured brown sauce all over it.

Mousse: Exactly. Well, a similar thing can happen in cryogenics. Last week we were asked by a Hollywood producer to defrost a famous star so he could make an appearance in a new movie. Unfortunately we picked out a side of beef and a packet of fish fingers by mistake.

Cupp: What happened?

Mousse: Well, he was appearing opposite Arnold Schwarzenegger, so no-one noticed the difference. In fact, a lot of critics said he acted Arnie off the screen.

Cupp: When you revive someone, are they able to give you details of what happened after death?

Mousse: Yes. They usually mention a man with a beard in baggy clothing...

Cupp: Bloody, Jeremy Beadle, probably.

Mousse: ...and a pair of accountants from Surrey who go on about how many miles per gallon they get out of their Ford Orions.

Cupp: Clearly what they have seen then must be Saint Peter and the Purley Gits.

Mousse: Then they are guided round the various departments of Paradise. There's one for Christians, one for Hindus and one full of beautifully clean sheep...

Cupp: A paradise for livestock?

Mousse: No, for Welshmen.

Cupp: Is everyone's experience the same?

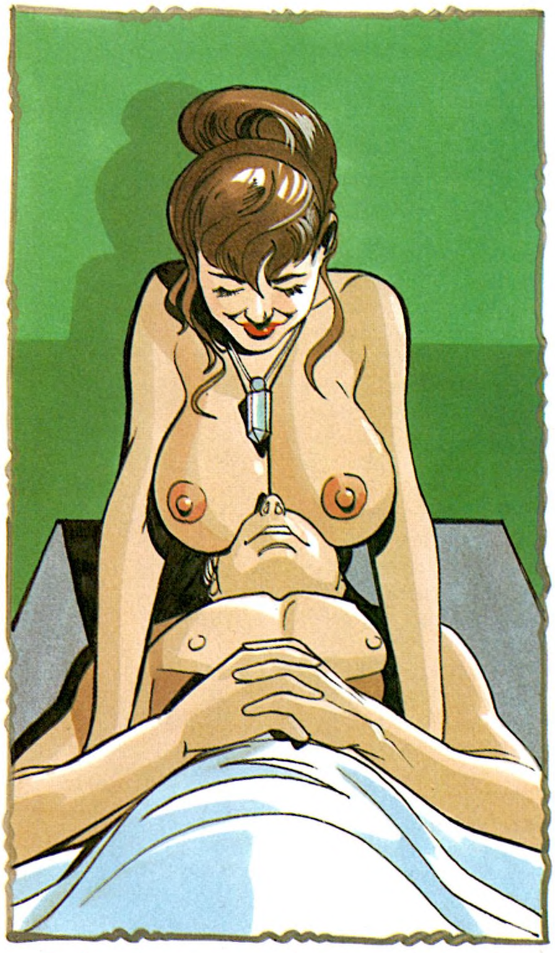
Mousse: Not at all. One man told how when he died his after-life became quite extraordinary. He woke up, had a fuck. Went out, had a fuck. Had something to eat, had a fuck. Went on the golf course, had a fuck. Returned home, had a fuck. Then had a fuck and went to bed.

Cupp: Was he in heaven?

Mousse: No, he was in St Andrews. He'd been reincarnated as a rabbit.

Conclusion

So does alternative medicine work? It's practitioners say so. They say their patients are happy with it too. Because, like the man in the second-hand parachute shop said, "Nobody ever comes back to complain". ♣



'Rub a large crystal over your body daily and you will stay forever young'

About the author: The heads of Easter Island, the Sphinx, Bill Wyman – weird old stones from the files of Brenda D. Cupp. Now living in retirement on her sheep farm near Sellafield, Brenda D. Cupp devotes her time to cataloguing the Earth's mysteries and knitting sweaters that glow in the dark for pot-holing enthusiasts.

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Dirty Dancers

My name's Kim and I recently left home to look for a job in London. On my very first day here, I'd just walked out of a department store when a big red convertible pulled up with two beautiful, very friendly girls in it. They got talking to me and offered me a ride. I climbed in between them in the front and off we went.

The driver's name was Lynn and she was leggy and blonde. The other was a dark-haired girl called Casey. I was happy to have fallen in with two people I could instantly relate to.

Anyway, they took me back to their house in the suburbs. It was a really fabulous place and Lynn opened a bottle of champagne and Casey put on a CD.

The champagne really went to my head and I started to dance. Before I knew it, Lynn was dancing with me, getting closer all the time. Our bodies were touching and my pussy juices started to flow. She was soon fondling my breasts and I just melted into her arms. I could feel the closeness of Casey's body behind me. The three of us were grinding sexily to the music and were all getting very turned on by the situation.

Lynn slipped my top off, letting my firm tits bounce out, while Casey unzipped my skirt from behind and let it fall to the floor. And there I was standing in my knickers, in their living room!

Lynn took her top off and started to rub her big tits against mine. I gasped as I saw the size of her nipples, hard and brown like champagne corks. The sensation of her soft tits against mine was making my knees go weak.

I felt Casey pull my knickers down my legs. I stepped out of them and her fingers slid between my pussy lips from behind. She rubbed my clit gently and I melted further into their embrace. I felt sandwiched between Lynn and Casey and it was wonderful.

They led me over to the sofa and when I lay down Lynn's face went straight between my legs. I felt her tongue lightly flicking against my clit and it was like an electric shock passing through my body.

Casey went for my tits, bunching them together and rubbing my hardening nipples with her thumbs. She started to suck my tits, which drove me wild.

The feelings from Lynn's tongue on my clit and flicking up my cunt were incredible. I arched my back way off the sofa and both girls followed my every move. They were experts and I knew I was in good hands.

My juices started to flow faster and the feelings in my pussy were rising to dizzy heights. I came like I had

never come before. No guy had ever made me orgasm like that.

When my climax died down, Lynn wiped her wet mouth on the back of her hand, then opened her legs wide while Casey swung around and sat on my face. I watched as her shapely bum descended upon me, and the next thing I knew, I had her sodden pussy over my mouth.

I could tell from the moaning that Casey then buried her face in Lynn's pussy, and I also felt one of them – I'm not sure which! – gently stroking my cunt, coaxing it back to life.

Casey started to moan and grind her pussy down on my face. I felt her juices spurt into my mouth, tasting of honey and musk. She then got off my face and they turned me over onto all fours with my bum in the air. Lynn slid in underneath me until her sticky pussy was level with my face.

"Eat it, darling," she purred.

How could I resist? Her pussy was neatly trimmed and her big clit stuck out. I eagerly buried my face in her blonde muff, licking her clit and sliding my tongue up her love hole. I was pulling her lips apart and penetrating her deeply with my tongue. We were like three hungry, lust crazed animals, all so turned on by each other.

Lynn's orgasm was as tasty as Casey's had been. We'd all come once but I just had to come again, as Casey furiously fucked me with three fingers. This time, I screamed with ecstacy. We all collapsed in a heap, kissing, cuddling and fondling like three happy pussycats.

As I gazed out of the window, I got a shock when I saw a man in the garden.

"Oh, that's only Gus, our gardener," Lynn said. "Do you want to fuck him? He's really good."

I checked Gus out. He was tall, blond and bronzed, and just the sight of his muscles made my pussy juices flow again. "Yes please!" I grinned.

Lynn went over to the sliding patio doors and opened them, stark naked. "Hiya, Gus," she said casually. I saw Gus' interest rise. "Do you want to come and fuck our new friend?"

"Sure!" he said, and was inside the house in seconds. The funny thing was, I didn't feel the need to cover up. It just felt the most natural thing in the world to sit there, legs apart, in front of a strange man. He looked at me and the others and knew that he'd struck gold.

We three girls had Gus naked in seconds. I had the honour of unleashing his prick which sprang out rock hard. I went straight for that solid meat and took it in my mouth. It was hot and throbbing and I started to move my head back and forth, holding his tight, heavy balls in my hand. My other hand was on his firm arse. I couldn't believe my luck!

He told me he wanted to fuck me – and it was sensational. I came again, and then he lined us all up in a row and bent us over. He then fucked us all in turn, picking a pussy and fucking it like a jackhammer for a minute before changing holes.

Seeing as I was the guest, I was allowed to finally bring him off to a climax with both hands, watching his spunk fly all over the place.

That was some afternoon. I now have two new friends – and a 'time-share' in Gus! – *Lindsay, London*

Acting The Part

Reading all the naughty letters that appear in Club, I always used to wonder why something that sexy didn't happen to me. After all, I'm not unattractive: 22 years old, long black hair, a 36-24-35 figure and more than a healthy appetite for men. I think if it wasn't for a rather playful encounter at my drama class last week I'd be going up the wall!

Because of my new job I recently moved to Torquay, and I thought the best way to get to know a few people would be to join a group of some sort. I decided upon an amateur dramatics socety and despite my initial nervousness, I was welcomed with open arms. And I was even lucky enough to be given the lead role in their first production of the year.

It was a fairly sexy play, about a man and a woman that fancied each other, but didn't have the nerve to say anything and didn't really get it together till the final scene. And this was the part that was causing me trouble.

I had to give Guy, my leading man, a lingering kiss and fall onto the bed with him as the curtain fell. Now this might not sound much of a problem, but like I said I'm not the most confident of people; and I really couldn't

SILKY SLIP UPS
0898 122 102

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0898 122 100
MINI SKIRT, NO KNICKERS
0898 122 103
GET IN MY KNICKERS
0898 122 101
I'LL STRIP THEM FOR YOU
0898 122 104
KNICKER SUCKERS CALL
0898 122 106
DRIPPING IN MY PANTIES
0898 122 105

HUNGRY BOTTOM

I LOVE IT IN MY AXXX!! 0898 884 228

PLAYING BETWEEN MY HAIRY LIPS!! 0898 122 128

0898 122 108

I'LL SUCK YOUR BALLS 0898 122 111

My tantalising tongue
0898 122 114
I lick Betty Swallocks
0898 122 112
Forced to swallow it
0898 122 117
Deep in my throat
0898 122 113
I'll swallow your hot lot
0898 122 116
Dildo dreams
0898 122 120
Sweaty, salty mouth sex
0898 122 118

0898 122 127

Tracey only sucks the end 0898 122 115
What I do with the neck of a bottle
0898 122 121
I'll go down and suck you off
0898 122 119
Fingering myself to climax
0898 122 123
My ice cube cools me down
0898 122 122
The first time I did it
0898 122 125

TOPLESS TARTS ON THIS NUMBER 0898 122 142

SUCK MY HARD NIPPLES!!!
0898 884 226

TOPLESS SHOCKER! 0898 122 140
SOLID KNOCKERS 0898 122 143
UNCLIP MY BRA 0898 122 146
BERTHA THE BUSTY WENCH 0898 122 141
DOWN MY CLEAVAGE 0898 122 147
FONDLE MY ERECT NIPPLES 0898 122 145
TEASE MY TINY TITS 0898 122 144
COTTON SPORTS BRA TO SUPPORT THIS PAIR 0898 122 148
TOSS BETWEEN MY TITS 0898 122 149

HEAR ME DO IT TO MYSELF!! 0898 122 129

LAP ME ALL UP 0898 122 110

0898 884 224

DRIPPING DOWN MY FINGERS
0898 122 124

MY SISTERS CAUGHT ME AT IT ALONE
0898 122 126

GROPE IN MY KNICKERS
0898 122 107

I'LL JERK MYSELF OFF!!
0898 884 720

LISTENERS WIVES OWN RECORDINGS
0898 122 130

LEGGY HOUSEWIFE WANTS A BIT OF ROUGH
0898 122 137

HUSBAND CAUGHT ME WITH THE POSTMAN
0898 122 136

BENT OVER SO YOU GET A FLASH OF MY CROTCHLESS ONES
0898 122 109

TIED UP ON THE LINE
0898 884 719

MY WICKED WIFE WILL TALK YOU OFF!!!
0898 884 717

WHAT MY HUSBAND DOESN'T KNOW 0898 122 138

HOT, SEXY & DYING FOR IT
0898 884 218
I'LL GET YOU OFF OVER THE PHONE
0898 884 728
MY MOUTH IS OPEN READY - USE IT
0898 884 727
MY SISTER IS A LESBIAN!
0898 884 221

HOUSEWIVES COFFEE MORNING CONFESSIONS 0898 122 132

CLASSIFIEDS

Nympho housewives do the business
0898 122 131
Newly wed bimbo takes it the hard way
0898 122 134
Bare bottom - do what you like
0898 884 716
Cream between them
0898 884 229
Shaven mistress at your disposal
0898 884 715
Fishnet Fanny wants it now! 0898 884 718
My husband can't satisfy me - can you?
0898 122 135
I'll sit on your face
0898 884 722
Fishy mongers wife needs bonking
0898 122 139
She rubbed me up & I loved it 0898 884 721
Bend over you bad boy
0898 884 723
Gymslip & wellies - now bend over
0898 884 724
I'll talk your rocks off
0898 884 725
Shaven & oiled - ready for slick lips
0898 884 215
Men needed for horny housewives
0898 884 217
I'll cool down your throbbing member
0898 884 227

BEND OVER & TAKE IT!!! 0898 884 223
MILK THEM FOR ME 0898 884 726
SPREAD MY LEGS 0898 884 216
HOLD MY BOOBS & DOME 0898 884 729
WHAT YOUR FINGERS CAN DO 0898 884 220
BONK ME OVER THE DESK 0898 884 219
FORTY & FRUSTRATED 0898 122 133
I'M BENT OVER SO YOU CAN LICK 0898 684 222
SUCKING YOU OFF 0898 884 225

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bring myself to kiss him (gorgeous though he was), especially in front of all the other students. So Tony, our teacher, kindly suggested everybody else went home early that evening while the two of us practised the scene on our own.

"Is that okay with you, Liz?" Guy asked me. Suddenly I felt rather hot, and nodded, blushing, as the last student said goodnight and left us together.

"I've been wanting this to happen..." Guy whispered as Tony walked back into the room. I could hardly believe that this handsome fella actually wanted me as much as I wanted him. All I knew for sure was that my fanny felt as hot as a welder's glove when I felt the bulge in his jeans press against my tummy.

"I'm just going to get a coffee," Tony called out from the back of the hall. "You two start without me."

Well, that's all it took. Guy held me even tighter and looked deep into my eyes. He kissed me, and without even thinking I stuck my tongue right down his throat and grabbed his bum, pulling his whole body closer to mine.

Our tongues rolled around in each other's mouths as our kissing became more and more frantic. He untucked my t-shirt and ran his hands up my back, undoing my bra and whisking it off in one quick movement as one hand came round and cupped my boobs. His thumb began rubbing my nipple sending little electric shocks right down to my pussy.

I'd never wanted to get my mouth on a cock so much as I did then, and I knew I couldn't stop myself; there was this hunk of a man wanting to make love to me. I knew he wasn't acting now! I ran my fingers round to the buckle on his belt and yanked it undone, and sinking to my knees I pulled his thick cock out of his boxer shorts and held it inches from my face.

I held his balls in one hand as I licked my way up his stiffening knob. I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and sank my head onto his cock, sucking hard as I took a good length down my throat. Guy groaned with pleasure and held my head with both hands, pushing his cock down my throat as he pulled my head even harder onto his shaft.

I reached up and held onto his hips as I started moving my head faster and faster up and down his length. My whole body was tingling as I felt his shaft grow, my tongue swirling around every single, hot inch.

Now I wanted to feel him come down my throat. It'd been ages since I'd tasted a man's spunk and I was close enough to coming that if he had climaxed then and there, I would've done the same.

But he had other plans; he lifted me up off his glistening tool and pulled my skirt up over my hips. We kissed again as he lifted me right up off the floor, and instinctively I wrapped my legs around his hips as he guided his cock up my dripping pussy. I gently let my whole weight sink onto him.

"Fuck me, Guy," I panted. "I want to come with your cock inside me..." He began pumping away, his prick feeling massive inside me as it filled my cunt on each deep stroke. I locked my fingers behind his neck, arms outstretched and let myself go as my first orgasm burst through me.

"Oh yes! Yes!" I screamed, bucking my hips frantically, my come flooding out of me. I could even feel it dribble out of my pussy and cover his balls. Guy pushed again and held himself there as I felt the last of my climax pulse through me. Then he lay me down on the cold floor and buried his face in my pussy, hungrily lapping up my juices as I brought my knees up level with my chest.

Now it was Guy's turn. I sat up and pushed him down so he was lying flat on the floor and positioned myself with my head over his cock and my pink, swollen pussy over his face.

Grasping his cock with one hand, I licked my come off

him and began pumping away with my mouth for the second time that afternoon. I lowered my pussy onto Guy's face and squirmed as his hot tongue worked its way around inside me.

This time I could feel he was going to come, and I wasn't going to let one drop of his spunk get away! His balls tightened and his whole body rose up off the floor. Because of my position, I could get the entire length of his cock in my mouth, so as he came it gushed right down my throat.

And it tasted fantastic! I rolled my head from side to side like crazy as he squirted jet after jet over my tongue. I gulped as fast as I could but he just kept on coming, and the excitement made me climax again too. For one glorious minute we both just swallowed in silence as we drank each other's hot come. I felt well and truly fucked, and as we lay in each other's arms getting our breath back I heard a polite cough.

"Um, yes... that's fine, guys, but it's not *exactly* in the script..."

We both looked up to see a rather red-faced Tony, standing there holding a cup of coffee.

"I mean, I know I wanted a bit of passion, but, um, you might have to just stick to the snog on the night," Tony continued. Guy and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. There we were, starkers, on the floor, in front of our teacher. What else could we do!

Still, it loosened my inhibitions somewhat and you'll be glad to hear the play was a total success. Mind you, just a snog at the end of the night was a bit of an anticlimax! – *Liz, Torquay*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Eating Out

You might recognize my sexy blonde friend Clare and myself, as both of us have been in Club, spreading our long legs for you guys – and we have to tell you it's a really horny experience! But we actually knew each other before we ever modelled for Club, because for the past three years we've been running a catering business together.

It started as just a weekend thing, providing buffets for wedding receptions and parties, but when we finished college we decided to take it more seriously. These days we do a lot of business lunches, delivering the food to private houses and offices and then providing a waitress service too. It is hard work but we enjoy it, and I think most of our clients enjoy seeing us in our short, tight skirts too!

One day last week we had an extra-special lunch to cater for. The client had told us to spare no expense – he wanted the best champagne and our most extravagent menu, so we put a lot of effort into making the meal perfect. We dressed up in our sexiest little black dresses to do the waitressing, and we could tell by the way Clive beamed at us that he was really delighted. Now, I have to admit that I had another reason for wanting to please him so much – I've fancied him for ages!

Once his guests had left, we started to clear up as usual, but Clive interrupted us.

"Sit down and have a drink with me, girls," he said. "You've put so much good work in that you must be exhausted!"

We admitted that we were pretty tired, and sat down to have a glass of champagne with him. He was full of praises for the food, but the thing that made me smile most was when he added, "It's the service that really counts the most, though. You two look so sexy that I think my guests would have agreed to anything just to get another look at those incredible legs!"

"What about you, Clive?" I asked shyly. "What would you do for a closer look?"

Things went very quiet suddenly and I thought I'd made a fool of myself, but then to my surprise Clive started to blush.

"Well, I didn't think you'd noticed," he stammered, "but I just can't keep my eyes off you. I've been fantasizing about the pair of you for ages. I keep imagining what it would be like to see you together, kissing each other, you know..."

He was looking at the floor, really embarrassed by now, so he didn't see Clare and I smile and nod at each other. You see, the thing which turns us on the most is sharing a guy, putting on a little lezzie show for him and getting him really horny before we fuck him – and apparently we'd just found the perfect fella to appreciate our show!

We stood up and walked towards each other, so we were standing in front of Clive but just out of his reach. Clare kissed me gently on the lips and I started to feel that familiar tingle of excitement spreading through my whole body. I ran my hands through her blonde hair and then down over her full, firm boobs, feeling her nipples pressing against my palms through her dress.

"Suck my boobs," she moaned, and I pulled her dress down off her shoulders, exposing her lovely tits. As I lowered my head to her nipples and started to lick and suck them I heard another groan and I knew that Clive was enjoying the sight as much as I'd hoped he would.

Clare pulled my dress down to my waist too, and we pressed our bodies together, rubbing our boobs together and both getting even more turned on by the delicious friction of our nipples brushing each other.

"How would you like to fuck two pairs of boobs and cream on our nipples, Clive?" I asked, looking up for a moment. To my delight, Clive had already got his cock out and was wanking his stiff shaft vigorously, his eyes glued to the sexy scene being played out right in front of him.

Clare was rubbing herself against me more passionately, and I could feel her firm pussy mound press against mine. I inched my hand down between our bodies and stroked between her parted thighs. Her gasp of pleasure encouraged me, and I pulled her short dress up, squeezing her firm bottom and then letting my fingers stray to her cunt.

"Oh God, finger my pussy, Lisa!" she sighed. "I really need to come!"

I slipped a finger between her plump lips, feeling how wet and juicy she was already as I began to stroke her clit. Before long I added a couple more until I was giving my horny friend the three-fingered frigging I knew she craved.

Just as she started to come, Clive let out a massive groan and I could tell he was ready to spill his load.

"Spunk in her mouth," I told him. "She really loves to drink come!"

He fed his thick cock between Clare's lips just as he started to spurt, and she greedily gulped down his spunk as her own orgasm made her cunt clench around my fingers.

"I hope there's plenty more where that came from," I said to Clive, "because my pussy's feeling hungry now!"

It certainly didn't take him long to get hard again when he saw what we did next. Clare pulled me down onto the floor, rolling my dress up around my waist and pulling off my lacy knickers so Clive got his first sight of my pussy. Then she knelt between my spread legs and started to eat me out, running her tongue up and down my creamy slit until I was begging her to shove it right inside me. Then when she was tongue fucking me hard and fast, and I was feeling my climax start to wash over me, she turned around so we were in a 69 and I could lick her cunt too.

I reckon any guy would have got rock hard at the sight of us eating each other out like two cats that wanted the cream, both coming hard and yelling each other's name as we lapped up all the sweet pussy juice. So I wasn't too surprised when I saw Clive's cock loom into sight just

above my face as it nudged against Clare's bum.

I spread her pussy lips wide for him and she was already so juicy from my licking that his whole length slid easily inside her with one thrust. He started slamming it into her, fucking her powerfully but pulling almost all the way out on each stroke so I could lick her tangy juice from his shaft and stroke my tongue against her clit. At the same time I was sucking and licking his balls. Clare was somehow managing to eat my pussy despite the vigorous fucking she was getting, though she did stop for a moment when another orgasm hit her and I clearly saw her cunt twitching around Clive's rigid dick.

Then we two girls rolled over so I was on top and I could get filled with Clive's cock at last. I yelled with pleasure as I felt his solid, pussy-slick meat push its way inside me, agonizingly slowly. Then, before he'd even had time to move, I started coming! The feeling of his big prick filling me right up had just sent me over the edge and I had a really powerful climax. Clive didn't wait for it to stop though; he just started fucking me with quick, shallow strokes, prolonging it until I was thoroughly exhausted. And Clare's nimble tongue lapping over my clit certainly did its bit to keep me coming for so long, too.

"I want your spunk, Clive," I managed to gasp. "Come in my juicy cunt!"

"I've been dreaming of spunking inside your tight, hot fuck hole for ages," Clive groaned as he thrust harder and harder, and then I felt his creamy come gushing into my pussy and dripping down my thighs. At once Clare's tongue was there, not missing a drop, and as Clive pulled his cock out of me it was instantly replaced by her tongue. There's nothing quite like getting your pussy eaten just after you've been given a creamy load of spunk, and it was made even better by Clive nibbling my arse cheeks as Clare ate up his salty jism.

"Fancy some more champagne, girls?" smiled Clive, holding up the half empty bottle. Clare said she did, and suddenly I felt a cold, tingling cascade of iced champagne pour down over my bum and pussy towards her mouth. I was shivering with the cold but it was a wonderful feeling as I felt it trickle into my cunt and down my legs. Of course, Clare's mouth was everywhere, drinking up the champagne from my bare skin, plunging her tongue into my snatch every so often.

Clive decided to join her and then I had two tongues exploring me, stroking my clit and thrusting into my sticky hole. I was thirsty too, so Clive bathed Clare's juicy cunt with some more champagne for me and I felt her tremble as I sucked it from her curly bush and spread cunt.

"We're out of champagne, girls," said Clive. "But I know the guy who owns the off-licence downstairs. How's about I give him a call and ask him to bring some more up?"

Clare and I looked at each other and grinned. We were just in the mood for another of our naughty games!

When Al knocked on the door a few minutes later, Clare and I were sitting side by side on the sofa, our mini-dresses on. He came in and sat down as Clive politely

introduced us and then opened a bottle. I could see he was already getting a hard-on just from looking at us – but that was nothing compared to what happened when I casually spread my legs further apart. With such a short skirt, he had a perfect view of my neat little pussy, soaked with champagne and Clive's spunk.

"Do you like what you see, Al?" Clare asked him. "He nodded, completely tongue-tied. "Do you want to fuck her?" she asked. Again he nodded. "Well, what's stopping you?" she giggled, licking a finger and then sliding it between my spread thighs and right up into my pussy.

She pulled it out, soaked with my sticky juice, and offered it to Al to suck as she eagerly unzipped his flies and then quickly pulled out his stiff dick.

It was standing to attention in such a temping way that I climbed straight onto it and slowly sank down until his whole rigid rod was buried deep inside my cunt. Then I started riding him for all I was worth, sliding up and down on that big firm pole, yelling loudly as I enjoyed the sensations that were coursing through my body.

Clive then came over and stood beside Al's chair, his cock swelling to full size as I quickly took it in my wet mouth and began to greedily suck on it. Then Clare crouched behind me, her hands groping my heavy boobs and fingering my engorged clit. I've never came so hard as I did then, with the horny attentions of three sexy people on me!

The guys came at almost the same time, Al's spunk fountaining up into my hungry cunt as Clive shot his sticky load down my throat. Al wasn't done yet though, and Clare sucked him off, taking his whole length right down to the back of her throat, while I fondled his balls before he had to tear himself away to go back downstairs and take care of his shop.

Clive's asked the two of us over for dinner tomorrow night – he said it will make a change for him to be cooking instead of us! And he's promised us a few surprises too... I just can't wait! – *Lisa, Newcastle*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Single and Sexy!

Even though I'm currently single, and I would guess that a lot of your female readers go through your magazine with their sex partners, I often read Club, and I always enjoy the Talking Blue section best.

There's something about reading a long, juicy true confession about people having great sex together that really gets me aroused. I lie there on my bed, having lit candles around the room to make the atmosphere erotic and sensual, leafing through the pictures of all the lovely girls you always feature. I feel myself beginning to get turned on, and then I really savour the confessions, reading every word and lapping it all up. But as I don't have a boyfriend just now, I never thought I'd have anything to write in about myself. How wrong I was!

I don't really know where to start, but I suppose it all began when this new girl started working at the same place as me. Her employers had their offices next to where I work in a large industrial complex, though obviously I can't say where in case anyone puts two and two together and works out who we are. Elise (not her real name) is married, and I don't think her posh neighbours would be too impressed.

Obviously we saw each other a lot, with her working next door, and it soon became apparent that there was a strong sexual attraction between us. I'd often fancied other women in the past, but had never had the courage to do anything about it – except a lot of fantasizing and hours spent frigging myself in my bedroom. However, Elise made it clear that she'd often enjoyed flings with other women, with the full knowledge of her husband Paddy, and it was inevitable that we were going to end up fucking each other.

One evening, after we'd been out for a post-work drink together, one thing led to another and we went back to my place. Feeling her tongue inside my pussy for the first time, her hands roving all over my smooth skin and her fingers questing into the wet velvet folds of my cunt, I thought that she'd never let me come; but she just urged me on until I had my orgasm, my boobs heaving and my breath coming in gulps as her fingers and tongue worked my clitty and cunt until I'd finished my orgasm.

It was then, when I was just recovering from my climax and Elise was gently stroking my nipples with her palms, that she asked me if I'd ever thought about having group sex. "It's wonderful being in bed with more than one person at a time," she told me. "There are just all the more tongues and hands and cocks to give you pleasure."

I must have looked a little shocked, but I soon recovered and my interest became aroused as she explained to me that she and her husband had often indulged in threesomes – and also even-more-somes!

It seemed that they'd built up a group of friends after their marriage who were as open-minded as they were about sex. Anything went, as long as all the participants were willing. And from the scenes that Elise described, it really *was* anything!

"I can tell you're turned on," she smiled as she moved my hands down to her fanny so that I could massage her little love button. And she promised that it wouldn't be long before I experienced my first group sex session – with me firmly at the centre of the action!

All I knew was that the next weekend, I was to be invited by Elise and Paddy to an 'erotic dinner party' at their place, where several other couples who they regularly swapped partners with would be able to meet me for the first time. I was a bit worried about being the only single woman there, but Elise assured me that things were always more interesting with an extra woman there – it just meant that there was more pussy for everyone, she said, which could only be a good thing.

I dressed at my most sexy, with a low-cut, tight, black catsuit which clung to my generously curvy figure as if I'd sprayed it on, and high heeled, strappy sandals like the ones that all the female stars wear in sex movies. To add an extra touch, I had one of those old-fashioned feather boas around my neck, and from the reaction of everyone when I arrived at the house, I could tell that I'd stirred up more than a few people's passions.

My cunt felt wet and

bubbling as I looked for the first time at the people I knew I was going to be fucking that night. There were two other couples apart from Paddy and Elise – Tony and Sandra, and Simon and Caroline. I was trembling with arousal and nerves as they all gave me a good looking over: I was the special object of desire that night, and that knowledge was more exciting than anything I'd experienced before.

The meal had a sense of unreality about it; everything was leading up to the moment when we'd start the orgy. Just thinking the word orgy really aroused me. Everyone was staring at me, blatantly undressing me with their eyes, both the men and the women. The brandy was flowing freely after the dessert, I was finding it hard to catch my breath, and suddenly the whole erotically charged situation got on top of me.

I stood up, pulled down the bodice of my catsuit, and made sure that my bare boobs were fully on show to everyone. Then I dribbled brandy from my glass over my nipples, one after the other, shivering at the hot feeling of the alcohol washing over me. "Now all I need is someone to lick this off for me," I offered, getting really carried away by the moment.

There was a scrambling of feet as Simon and Caroline both started on one nipple each. They held me gently so that they were supporting my whole weight between them as their hands stroked my bare back and their tongues and mouths devoured my nipples. I could feel my legs trembling and my cunt getting all hot and moist, juices starting to seep out into my gusset as I parted my thighs so that I could reach down and gently touch myself there.

"Get her on the table, so that we can undress her and see her lovely body naked," I heard Elise whisper, and then I was lifted up and placed on the table, before Sandra and Tony helped with stripping me off. Their hands rubbed and caressed as much of my body as they could as they peeled off my catsuit; while Simon and Caroline were still attending to my nipples, which were so stiff and aroused I felt as if I were going to burst.

Being the centre of sexual attention was a totally new thing for me, and I was revelling in it. There were three pairs of hands and mouths working over my body now, tongues dipping into every crevice of my body. I looked down, and was really shocked to see Tony sucking on the high heel of one of my sandals as he massaged and played with my ankle – he was obviously a real foot fetishist!

Meanwhile, his wife had begun to play with the folds of my cunt, pushing away my own hand so that she could take over frigging my clitty. I was almost gushing with juices as she expertly manipulated my cunt to arouse me, sometimes using the tip of her tongue as well as her fingers, her nails working through my bush as I parted my legs as far as I could. Tony's fingers were tickling the sensitive skin behind my knees, and I could tell that his cock was really hard between his legs, though he was resisting the urge to wank himself so that he could last out the pace.

By now, everyone was naked, and Elise was giving the orders – and obviously loving it. "Paddy, I want to see Linda sucking your cock," she told him. "Put it in her mouth."

When I felt his fat helmet slide in between my eager lips, I thought I was going to come right away, but I managed to hold myself back. Paddy's cock tasted delicious, little drops of pre-come being licked up by my tongue as I sucked on his shaft, reaching up to grasp his foreskin and gently slide it up and down as I gorged myself on his cock. I could feel that all eyes in the room were on me, although all the hands and tongues on my body didn't let up for a moment.

Sandra had climbed onto the table now, and was straddling me, her boobs dangling over mine as she joined in with sucking Paddy's cock, our tongues meeting and mingling as she nibbled and sucked on one side of his cock as I did the other. Our nipples kept brushing together, and I realised that she had rings through them – what an incredible turn-on!

"Now she needs a cock in her cunt, too," Elise told the others, and Simon was the one who rushed over and immediately thrust his stiff shaft inside me. I was so wet and juiced up that I was more than ready. I could feel this really powerful sucking action that my cunt muscles made as I took his length inside me right to the hilt, his pelvic bones banging into mine as he struggled to find an angle where he could keep himself inside me.

"Don't worry – just bang me hard!" I told him. "I love being fucked really hard."

He set a blinding pace, his buttocks clenching and wobbling as he gritted his teeth and gave me the fucking that I'd been waiting all night for. Meanwhile, Elise had instructed that Sandra should carry on sucking Paddy off, while Tony had the chance to get his cock between my lips. I've always loved sucking guys off and feeling their come erupting into my mouth, and now I had a really long prick inching its way as far as possible down my throat before being withdrawn till just the tip was still inside, then thrusting right down again.

If this whole scene sounds incredible to you, that's how I was feeling too. I felt as if I was living out the most fantastically arousing erotic dream I'd ever had... but it was real.

"He's going to come in your mouth," warned Elise, her voice trembling as she became more turned on by the scene she was directing. "You want to swallow all his come, don't you, Linda?"

I just nodded, concentrating on keeping my rhythm going as I sucked Tony, and when he unloaded himself into me, I was only too pleased to swallow down the globs of come that he shot into my mouth. And just as I was savouring the taste of Tony's come, Simon suddenly gave a grunt and shot his load into my cunt, his cock staying hard as he spurted into me again and again. The warm come felt wonderful as it spread right through my cunt, and started dribbling out. I must admit that I was surprised when Elise got between my legs and started lapping it up, though, her tongue just keeping me at the peak of arousal as it lightly touched my clitty before plunging deep into me again. I'd had her pegged as just a voyeur, getting herself off by watching and directing the action, but obviously she was equally willing to be a full part of it.

I was getting towards the point of no return: I knew that I was going to come really soon, but I didn't want anyone to miss a minute or a single contraction of my climax, so I held back until Simon had recovered himself and Elise had satisfied herself with my cunt, gobbling down all that come. I don't know what Paddy and Sandra were doing, but Sandra looked as if she'd had a really thorough fucking afterwards, and Paddy was kneeling at her

HORNY TALK

AUNTY IN LESBIAN ROMP 0898 884 321

ON ALL FOURS
0898 884 319

I'LL SIT ON IT
0898 900 506

PHONE - A BUST
0898 884 326

CLASSIFIED

Hold onto my wobbly ones 0898 900 510
I'll do what the wife won't 0898 900 511
Sex with the secretary 0898 777 819
Large breasts smothered in oil 0898 777 826
You thrust, I'll swallow 0898 777 822
Bimbo in lycra 0898 900 504
Do you fancy a jump? 0898 900 505

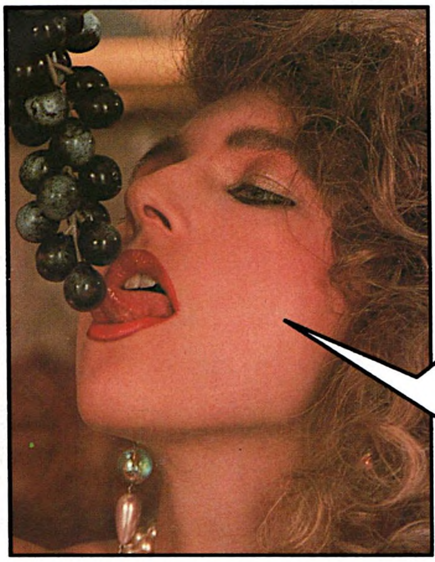
JUNIOR DESIRES
0898 900 501

BE MY OFFICE SLAVE FOR A DAY
0898 884 201

LISTEN TO ME DO IT NOW
0898 884 203

RANDY LESBIANS IN RUBBER
0898 884 202

XXX ADULT SEX



AMPLE ASSETS
0898 884 329

I ALWAYS NEED ATTENTION
0898 900 513

I LOVE TO DO IT ALONE!!!
0898 884 320

RAUNCHY SEX SOUNDS
0898 884 317

I'LL FONDLE YOUR STIFF ROD
0898 884 323

MY MOUTH IS FULL!!!
0898 884 322

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 327

I'M EXHIBITING MYSELF
0898 777 816

PHONE A GROAN
0898 777 820

MY DIRTY STICKY BITS!!!
0898 900 500

I'LL UNLOAD YOUR LOT
0898 900 507

FRUSTRATED HOUSEWIFE
0898 777 817

ALL GIRL STRAP ON PARTY 0898 777 821

DRESS FOR DISIPLINE
0898 777 823

CLASSIFIEDS

Women watch each other masturbate 0898 900 502
I'll tell you what I'm doing over the phone 0898 900 512
Shaven minge growing back stubbly & sharp 0898 777 815
Let me know your fetish & we will act it out 0898 777 824
My tongue will make you tingle 0898 777 827
Mature lady in a girdle - if your into older women 0898 884 204
I've done it all - totally experienced 0898 884 211
Pull my panties to one side & poke me 0898 884 328
I'm always ready for business 0898 884 318
I'm on all fours - do the bizz 0898 884 212

Dirty nympho's friday night 0898 884 213
Shaven bald & ready to climax 0898 884 315
Lusty red head in wet latex 0898 884 324
I'm on my knees begging for it 0898 884 325
Let me fondle your horny bulge 0898 900 508
Transvestite will tell you tales 0898 900 514
One large willy in my mouth 0898 777 825
Naughty knickers & red high heels 0898 777 828
Dial me and do it between them 0898 777 829
Don't just sit there - call me 0898 777 818
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DREAM OVER THE SHEETS
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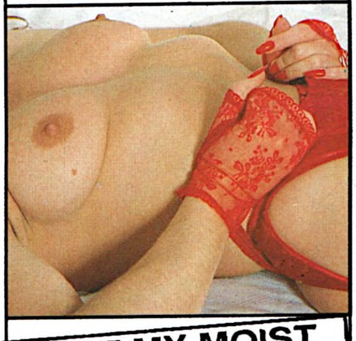
CROSS DRESS FOR SEX
0898 884 214



PART MY MOIST LIPS 0898 884 316

RAM IT IN MY MOUTH 0898 884 207

feet all the rest of the night, worshipping her cunt.

Then suddenly, all the others withdrew from around, and just stood at the sides of the room, looking at my hugely aroused body, the come that Elise hadn't swallowed dribbling out of my cunt, the wonderfully sluttish way my legs were spread wide open, my clitty all throbbing and purple, my high heels sticking out, my nipples stiff and my boobs swollen. What a sight I must have looked to them – the guys' cocks stiffened right up again, but Elise was determined that, having already been serviced fully by just about everyone in the room, I should now bring myself to orgasm my own way, so that they could all watch and savour every second of my climax.

I snaked my fingers down to my soaking, sticky cunt, and slowly parted my love lips, making my movements almost theatrical as I played to my audience. Rubbing the tip of my thumb over my clitty in a smooth, rhythmic motion, and at the same time sliding two fingers from my other hand in and out of myself, I contracted my pussy walls around them and brought myself to a delicious, shuddering climax.

My juices spilled out on to the table cloth, and I reached up and coated my boobs and nipples with it, pulling one nipple up to my mouth so that I could taste my own come. I came again as I did that, loving the fact those people watching were obviously getting turned on again by my performance.

That night, every sexual position and combination was explored in that room, and now we've formed a tight-knit group who meet up every month for more of the same. We've even filmed ourselves fucking – all the combinations any blue movie fan could possible want – and who knows, as well as having my story printed in Club, I could find myself becoming a dirty film star! Meanwhile, though, I'm just relishing the fact that I'm getting a thorough and regular fucking, and as the only single woman of the group, I can pick whichever partner, male or female, takes my fancy on the night. What girl could ask for more? – *Linda, Rochdale* ♣

jasmine

If you've ever waited for your girlfriend to get ready before you go out you'll appreciate just what we had to put up with. Jasmine here must've changed more in one afternoon than the guards at Buckingham Palace do in a whole year!

Photographs by John Harrel

98 Rock

98 Rock

98 Rock

"Well, you do want me to look my best, don't you?" she grinned, peeling her thigh-length leather boots off and reaching for her tight, ripped jeans. "After all, I can't really take too much off, can I?"

Suppose not, but what on earth are you like when you're going out for the evening? You probably have more costume changes than Danny La Rue.

"Don't be so silly! Mind you, I do have to start about lunchtime..." ♣

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THIS is the first time the uncut and uncertificated version of this porn classic has been available in the UK! The famous lxsbixn scenes fully deserve their international reputation—certainly licks anything I've ever seen! Excellent group scenes of four, five and six ravers! The orxl is amazing, with girls swallowing the lot! The back shots are great, spread cheeks and loads of xxxx. Toys and bxxdage feature to great effect.

TEENAGE SEX [redacted]
Four Videos In One
[redacted] **Only £9.95**

A CLASSIC collection of *"Teenage Sex."* The famous Dutch porno house. Loads of short skirts and ankle socks! *"Horny Heidi," "Two Dirty Sisters," "Latin Lolita"* and *"West Side Orgy"* combine to give you an unbeatable collection of youthful sex. Loads of innocents being broken in by experienced men with 9in. dxcks. Good oxxl and xxxx and superb full pxnxtration shots. ***An incredible bargain at a Tenner.***

[redacted]GIRLS [redacted]
Four Videos In One
[redacted] **Only £9.95**

A BUMPER bundle of banging, bonking and blxw jxbs! *"Biology Lessons"* were never like this xxxx x xxx xx xxxxxx —I wished they had been —taking it up the xxx xxxx xxx xxxxxxxxxxxx *"Two Cock Party"* proves two into one goes all the way—every orifice gets a pounding! *"Bathroom Fun"*—lexbian licking lust, plus a 9in. love muscle — excellent. *"Latin Lady"* gives you sunny sex and superb sucking!—suberb quality—highly explicit.

AS well as these four bargain films I can also offer you the following pairs of films. These are selling for a total of £99.90 but you can have them for Only £11.95.

Pair A: Rodox 21 and Rodox 28

GENUINE oral group and lesbian sex action. It's fast moving, explicit and horny close-up shots of sexual relief, see it all in full colour.

You will not be able to buy anything else like this in the UK ***£11.95.***

Pair B: Color Climax 133 & Color Climax 142

ONE man tries to satisfy a group of horny girls. When he fails they turn to each other! Group female action in close-up feature shots. You will not believe your eyes when you see what these girls can do for each other.

A real lesbian fantasy ***£11.95.***

Pair C: Exciting 23 and Teenage Sex II

GROUP sex action, college girl wants to give them much more than an apple!! See what horny girls like to do to the men in their life, and to each other.

Dirty action that left me in a state of sexual fulfilment ***£11.95.***

Pair D: Busen 13 and Rodox 39

PENETRATING video on all counts. Amateur girls in tight white panties are stripped for all their mutual pleasures. Leaves nothing to the imagination. Uncensored and very horny. Close-ups to satisfy all full-blooded men.

Was ~~£54.95,~~ now only ***£11.95.***

If you want to get all eight of the above videos I have negotiated a special deal with my European dealers. You can have them for only £37.50, yes £37.50 for all eight features.

How's that for a massive saving? To order your special uncertificated videos all you have to do is fill out the coupon below with your name and address and tick the videos that you would like. All videos are sent under plain brown paper, so only you are aware of the contents. Please send postal order or cheque made payable to *M.O. DIVISION* for your total order amount and post to: *M.O. DIVISION, Tara Euro-Coup, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN.* Alternatively visit one of the shops featured in this advert. If paying by cheque add name and address to reverse to avoid delays.

ORDER YOURS TODAY

TARA EURO-COUP (Dept CI),
34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN.
1719

Please rush me the following:

SWEDISH EROTICA @ £14.95 (+ £1.05 p&p)......... ☐
DEBBIE DOES DALLAS @ £14.95 (+ £1.05 p&p).... ☐
TEENAGE SEX @ £9.95 (+ £1.05 p&p).................. ☐
[redacted]GIRLS @ £9.95 (+ £1.05 p&p).................. ☐

PAIR A £11.95.. ☐
PAIR B £11.95.. ☐
PAIR C £11.95.. ☐
PAIR D £11.95.. ☐
ALL FOUR PAIRS £37.50.............................. ☐

(PLEASE TICK APPROPRIATE BOXES)

I Enclose payment of £ ____________
Please make cheques payable to M.O. Division

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

____

____________ Postcode ____________

I certify that I am over 18 years of age and have full knowledge that these films are grouped on video cassette(s) as stated. I undertake not to show these or give these products to minors.

Signed ____________________

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

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SP22

BOUNCY BOSOMS

0898 884226

BIG MAMA'S HUGE TITS 0898 224 246

FONDLE MY SAGGING BOOBS!!! 0898 224 240

SUCK ON THESE MEGA MAMMARIES 0898 224 248

PUT YOUR ROD BETWEEN THEM... 0898 224 241

HORNY BOOB TALK 0898 224 249

I'M ON 0898 224 209

PUT IT IN MY MOUTH I'LL SUCK GENTLY 0898 224 204

BLACK LEATHER THONG RIGHT UP MY B*M 0898 224 212

WORN WHITE KNICKERS FOR YOUR PLEASURE 0898 224 213

PUT YOUR HAND BETWEEN MY STOCKINGED LEG 0898 224 216

HOT DRIPPING GUSSET 0898 224 215

PANTIES AROUND MY ANKLES 0898 224 219

GIRLS GET IT TOGETHER IN BED 0898 224 222

LESBIANS CAUGHT AT IT! 0898 224 224

HOT LESBIAN CONFESSIONS 0898 224 223

HER FLUFFY BITS IN MY FACE 0898 224 225

I SQUIRMED ON HER FINGERS 0898 224 226

LADIES LAP EACH OTHER UP 0898 224 228

CUM BETWEEN THEM 0898 884 229

CLASSIFIEDS

In the bath playing alone 0898 224 230

Personal pleasure - I don't need a man to do it 0898 224 235

Just me and my buzzing toy drawer 0898 224 238

Pancake Pam has big hard nipples! 0898 224 243

Lacy bra - beautiful pert breasts 0898 224 245

Shaven beaver needs cooling down 0898 900 515

Our nympho's here will satisfy you over the phone 0898 900 518

HEAR ME TEASE MY OWN NIPPLES! 0898 224 247

SHEER BLOUSE NO BRA 0898 224 244

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU.
CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/16/A.

PERSONAL

Self satisfaction... hear me c*m 0898 224 239

White cotton panties wet with sweat 0898 224 211

Bent over so you can see right up! 0898 900 516

Our typist is a tart, she'll do it with anyone 0898 900 519

My brother caught me masturbating 0898 900 520

Do me in wet rubber, I love it the kinky way 0898 900 524

Bury yourself in my cleavage 0898 900 529

Women at a dildo party - eavesdrop on 0898 224 227

2 girls '69' sex sessions - listen to this 0898 224 229

The wife likes it from behind 0898 884 223

Adult uncensored xxx horny talk 0898 900 526

3 girl horny sex (lesbians only) 0898 900 521

My fingers between my legs 0898 224 234

Give me a hot pearl necklace 0898 224 242

HEAR ME DO IT 0898 884 220

PURE SEX!!!

JUICED UP & READY TO CUM 0898 224 231

FEELING MY HAIRY LIPS 0898 224 233

HEAR ME DO IT OVER THE PHONE 0898 224 232

LETS MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0898 224 236

DOING MY OWN HAND JOB 0898 224 237

UNFAITHFUL BRIDES 0898 900 517

I WANT TO LICK YOU ALL OVER 0898 900 522

SADIES STRICT HOUSEWIFE LESSIONS 0898 900 523

LICK MY WET PUSSY 0898 900 525

STOCKINGS & STRAPS 0898 900 528

LICK BETWEEN MY LEGS 0898 900 527

OUCH... YOUR CHOKING ME 0898 884 227

XXX HORNY WIVES TALK 0898 884 217

COME ON BOYS - CALL ME 0898 884 218

SLURPY ORAL NOISES 0898 884 222

I LOVE IT UP MY A*** 0898 884 224

SHEER BODY STOCKING 0898 884 228

SHAVING & RAVING 0898 884 215

GIRLS GET IT TOGETHER 0898 884 221

SEXY OFFICE ANTICS 0898 884 219

A PEEK UP MY SKIRT 0898 884 216

DYKES DAY OUT 0898 224 220

LADY LOVERS DO IT!!! 0898 224 221

SUKI SUCKS TIL YOU CUM 0898 224 200

I'LL LICK UP & DOWN YOUR ROD 0898 224 202

HOT SPURTS OF ORAL SEX 0898 224 206

MY LIPS ON YOUR MEMBER 0898 224 208

GROANING IN MY GIRDLE 0898 224 214

LACY STOCKING TOPS 0898 224 217

DEEP THROAT DELIGHTS 0898 224 201

YOUR TONGUE BETWEEN MY LEGS 0898 224 203

CREAM IN MY MOUTH 0898 224 207

FLESH IN FISHNETS 0898 224 210

BASQUED & BEAUTIFUL 0898 224 218

IN MY MOUTH 0898 224 205

CREAMY MOUTH 0898 884 225

FIONA'S SALE, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN

FIONA WRIGHT'S PRICE BUSTING SEX SALE

☎ Miss Strict will sort you out
0338 422 347
Limetime, 34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN. Calls cost 36p per min cheap rate, 48p per min at all other times.

The Biggest & Best Deals Ever

Dear Reader,

What a crap few years we have had, nothing but recession, redundancy, slump and depression.

Now is the time to forget the past and I'm determined that every reader should have a smile and hot, hot loins!

Sex has always been the best way to forget our problems and with these **INCREDIBLE BARGAINS** you're all going to get as much as you can handle!

These prices never have and probably **never will be beaten!** and that's a promise!

From videos to sex aids, from pills to potions to publications, these are the hottest, hardest top quality sex products from all over Europe at **"GIVEAWAY" PRICES.**

Don't miss the boat (or you could be missing the bonk!) order today and I'll guarantee despatch is fast, secure and confidential!

Have the time of your lives!

Lots of Love, Fiona XXX

THE HOTTEST SALE IN YEARS! UP TO 75% OFF!

VIBRO'S

SQUIRMY ROOTER Soft, silky and silent! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £7.95**

MULTI HEADED VIBE SET (Six Part) Everything a girl could possibly beg for! Was ~~£35~~ **Sale Price £8.95**

LUXURY EURO SILK VIBE Seven inches of pure pleasuring power! Was ~~£15~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

G-SPOT Variable speed, quality hits the spot! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £7.95**

DOUBLE VIBRATING DILDO Two fingered back stabber! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £6.95**

BITS and PIECES

WORLDWIDE CONDOM PACK Stunning selection for the adventurous! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

20 FRUIT FLAVOURED CONDOMS Brings oral sex back into favour! Was ~~£7.00~~ **Sale Price £2.95**

20 MULTI COLOURED CONDOMS Fulfil every fantasy and bring back fun! Was ~~£7.00~~ **Sale Price £2.95**

LUST FINGERS Double digits of latex love fun! Was ~~£9.95~~ a pair **Sale Price £3.95**

JOY JELLY Strawberry flavoured lubricant - licks everything else! Was ~~£6.95~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

☎ CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE
081-534 8855 (24 hrs)

VIDEOS (VHS) and MAGS

MEGA CONTACT PACK Direct access to direct action! Was ~~£25~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

EXPLICIT HARD MAG PACK The very best Europe can offer! Was ~~£35~~ **Sale Price £5.95**

UNCERTIFICATED VIDEO SAMPLER (1) Uncertificated, uncut hard sex! Was ~~£50~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

UNCERTIFICATED VIDEO SAMPLER (2) More of the same - watch with a friend! Was ~~£50~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

ONE FOR THE LADIES (Mag Pack) Big, big boys - uncensored, uncut! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

THE BEST OF THE REST!

STANDARD PENIS DEVELOPER Who's a big boy now! Was ~~£20~~ **Sale Price £4.95**

DELUXE, EXEC PENIS DEVELOPER The business! Guaranteed success! Was ~~£40~~ **Sale Price £9.95**

EXECUTIVE SLICK LIPS Keep hands free as you cum like never before! Was ~~£30~~ **Sale Price £9.95**

THE THROBBER The ultimate sucking, vibrating throbbing w*nk unit! Was ~~£45~~ **Sale Price £19.95**

ERECTA PROMPT Never be limp again! Bigger than ever! Was ~~£7~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

FEMALE BLISS CREAM You'll be scraping her off the ceiling after this! Was ~~£7~~ **Sale Price £3.95**

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FIONA'S SALE (Dept. CI),
34 Upton Lane, London E7 9LN
Please send me the items as listed below:

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Product Description	Quantity	Total Price
	Grand Total	£

I enclose cheque/P.O. for £ __________ made payable to M.O. DIVISION, (if paying by cheque please add name and address to reverse).

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

Postcode __________

I undertake not to show or give these products to minors.

I am over 18 ____________________ **(Signed)**

Tobyward Ltd, Unit 4/6, 2 Faraday Road, Stratford, London E15. Reg No. 1634311

* FOR REALLY HOT JUICY SUCKING JUST CALL
* 0898 884 307

OVER THE DESK 0898 884 301
RUB OIL INTO MY BOSOMS 0898 884 629
LATE NIGHT STRIP TEASE SPECIAL 0898 777 916
MEGA JUGS 0898 777 889
MY WIFE NEEDS A GOOD SCREW 0898 777 877
I'LL RUB YOU UP & DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 706
PUMP ME HARD 0898 884 711

MY BOSS WEARS MY G-STRING
0898 884 314

MY NAUGHTY NEGLIGEE 0898 884 300	STUBBLY SHAVEN PUSSY 0898 777 875
STOCKINGS & STILLETOES 0898 884 309	A FLASH OF PINK BITS 0898 777 876
XXX LESBIAN SP*NK LINE 0898 884 702	BONKED WHILE FAXING 0898 777 879
FINGERING IN MY PANTIES 0898 884 703	TODGER LICKER 0898 777 882
GET IN MY SILK KNICKERS 0898 884 704	DRIBBLING CREAM 0898 777 885
I'LL MASTURBATE YOU 0898 884 705	WOBBLY CLEAVAGE 0898 777 886
FEEL MY AMPLE ASSETS 0898 884 710	CROTCHLESS AND COOL 0898 777 888
	TONGUE JOB 0898 777 887

DAMP PANTIES HOT LIPS 0898 884 700

WILD & WET
HORNY SEX!!!

PUMP INTO MY HONEY POT 0898 777 915
UNFAITHFUL CONFESSIONS 0898 777 917
I'LL GO ALL THE WAY 0898 777 918
I LOVE IT 0898 777 928
SUCK ON MY JUICY TITS 0898 777 929
SHAVE ME THEN BONK ME!!! 0898 884 615
MY WIFE'S HANDS EXCITE 0898 884 617
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH 0898 884 616
I'LL TONGUE YOUR TIP 0898 884 622
CREAM DOWN MY STOCKINGS 0898 884 628

ME & MY DIRTY BOOBS 0898 884 303

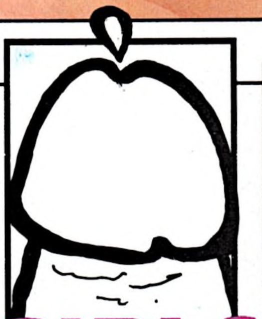
SEXY IN SILK 0898 884 304

I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX 0898 884 305

SPREAD OPEN & READY 0898 777 878

PERSONAL RELIEF

I JUST *love to frig myself off over the phone* 0898 777 920
THIGH HIGH BOOTS, *uniform & very dominant* 0898 777 924
SHE *sniffed around my snatch* 0898 777 921
I'M RAMPANT *& randy call me now* 0898 884 618
THE *office coffee lady likes it the hard way* 0898 884 619
7 INCH *vibro, hear it purr inside me on* 0898 884 620
LADY LATEX *gets you on all fours & rides you* 0898 884 624
LESBIANS *first time - hear it on* 0898 884 302
I WANT YOU *to spurt in my hand* 0898 884 306
RUB *it between my gorgeous melons* 0898 884 310
HAVE *the dirtiest time of your life on* 0898 884 312
BENT *over so you can have a peek* 0898 884 708
LESBIAN *lickers love it* 0898 777 881
OILED *up nympho needs talking off* 0898 884 713
LETS *put our masks on & get at it* 0898 777 884
DIRTY BUM *taken over the desk* 0898 777 919
SEX *talk for your boob fetish* 0898 777 926
MY WIFE *loves a good spanking* 0898 884 623
DD BRA BUSTERS *need nussling in* 0898 884 626
LICK *my pussy's pouting lips* 0898 884 627
TAKE *my clothes off* 0898 884 308
A BIT *of fanny in the office* 0898 884 701
SATISFY *me from behind* 0898 884 709
THE *sounds of hard self sex* 0898 884 712
T.V. *talks dirty for you* 0898 884 714
FROLICING *with my fingers* 0898 777 880
SPOUSE *wants w*nking* 0898 777 883



GIRLS
SUCK YOU!!!
0898 777 923

OPEN *my legs & get between them* 0898 884 625

I'LL SPREAD YOUR LEGS & LICK YOUR BALL BAGS!!! 0898 777 925

2 GIRLS SUCKING ACTION 0898 884 621

I'LL TEASE YOUR SHAFT AROUND MY LIPS!!! 0898 777 927

D.D. PO BOX 649, LONDON, EC1V 9UU. CALLS 36p/MIN. CHEAP, 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/19 /A

GET *stuck right into me* 0898 884 313

STUFF ME WITH YOUR MEATBONE 0898 884 311

TEACH THIS OLDER LADY ORAL - SHE'S NEVER DONE IT! 0898 777 922

UNZIP & I'LL GO DOWN SLOWLY 0898 884 707

OLDER WOMAN WANTS HER TITS SUCKED
0338 402 439

Come Over my Tits
0338 402 761

Lesbian Nurses Orgy
0338 402 694

I'll Toss You Off!
0338 402 596

Spurt in my Face-Big Boy
0338 402 456

Secretary Needs Spanking
0338 402 450

I'll Talk Filthy-you W**k
0338 402 451

My Bum is Sore
0338 402 598

My wife (25) tongued my cousin (21)
0338 402 594

I'll Suck you to Climax
0338 402 779

Masturbate With Me
0338 402 794

XXX Certificate
Filthy Dirty Spunky Listeners Letters
0338 402 686

FILTHY SEX LINES

2 Guys 1 Girl = Porno Action	0338 402 791
Auntie Wants Dirty Sex	0338 402 697
Sister Will Suck You Off	0338 402 452
Jill & Kate - Dirty Shaven Lesbians	0338 402 699
Wear My Panties and W**k	0338 402 695
19yr Old Wants 40yr Old Man	0338 402 431
Lick My Bum - Finger My Fanny	0338 402 792
After 12 Spunky Porno Bonk Action	0338 402 769

Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times Northglow Ltd PO Box 16 RG11 7DZ

LET'S MASTURBATE TOGETHER 0338 400 762

CALLERS EXPLICIT CONFESSIONS 0338 400 851

WILL W**K YOU 0338 400 807

SPANK MY BARE ARSE
0338 400 730

COME OVER MY TITS
0338 400 797

Bonk my wife-sore
0338 400 761

IN MY MOUTH & UP MY CRACK
0338 400 794

AFTER 12PM STIFF DICK SPECIAL 0338 400 826
AFTER 2AM MOIST PUSSY ACTION 0338 400 821

Warning HIGHLY EXPLICIT NATURE

ORAL SEX
SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0338 400 999
DEBEE ASHBY
GIVES HANDJOB
0338 400 932
HEAR ME
MASTURBATE MYSELF
0338 400 690
PART MY
& INSERT
0338 400 676
MY WIFE (25) TONGUED

0338 400 870

LESBIANS
HOUSEWIFE'S PVC ORGY
0338 400 811
DO IT TO ME
DOGGYSTYLE
0338 400 768
LICK MY CL*T-
MAKE ME COME
0338 400 892
OLD WANTS
DIRTY OLD MAN TO W**K
0338 400 783
VIRGIN'S FANNY
NEEDS A STIFFY
0338 400 773

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W2

WE AIM TO PLEASE

SUPERIA *SUPER SAVER* SEX AIDS

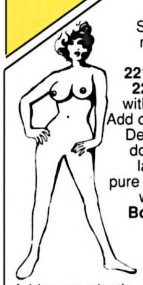
ESTABLISHED 1970

10" MULTI-SPEED VIBRATOR

FREE With all orders **over £25** from this advertisement made within 12 months of its issue. **To qualify** you must fill in the coupon below or telephone quoting this publication and its issue number.

Lots of other exciting FREE GIFT offers when buying from our catalogue.

SEX DOLLS



Quality blow up plastic dolls with hair – always willing – always available. Sensuously inviting mouth plus vaginal and rear orifices

221 Standard **£25.50**

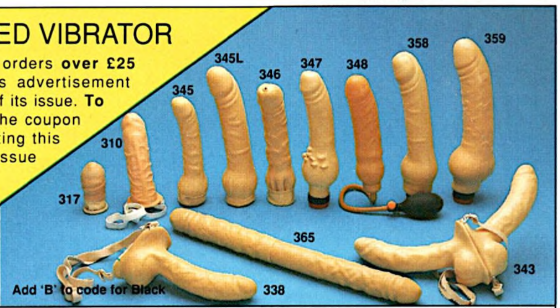
222 De luxe version with vibro unit **£27.50**

Add code **'B'** for Black. Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue.

Bonus 'LOVE-PAC' of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.

MALE DOLL 225

A blow-up plastic doll with erect 7½" penis, plus mouth and rear openings Add code **'B'** for black **£28.00**



PADDED SHEATH 303

It has an outer surface of plastic latex moulded to the natural shape of the penis and an inner lining of soft cushioned latex providing a firm grip for the inserted penis. Adds girth and an extra 1½" to the penis. Complete with body belt. **£8.75**

SUPPORT SHEATH 310

As 303 but with a special strengthening splint built into the body of the shaft providing extra support. Ideal for the man with erection difficulties. **£9.75**

EXTENSION SHEATH

A washable and reusable sheath with a solid tip that adds 1½" effective length to the male organ.

317 F Flesh or **317 B** Black		**£4.00**

HAND PROSTHETIC

For use by the female partner when circumstances make normal intercourse impossible.

345	Standard model	**£8.75**
345L	Large standard model	**£10.50**
346	De luxe model with ejaculating action	**£14.00**
347	Vibrating model with built-in clitoral stimulator	**£14.50**
348	Pump-up model allowing variable size adjustment	**£14.00**

358 BULLY BOY

A vibrating hand prosthetic similar to the 'Pleaser 184' but with a larger length and girth **£13.25**

359 GIANT BULLY BOY

The largest dildo for females who demand something even bigger to satisfy. Built in vibrator. **£14.75**

PROSTHETIC WITH SCROTUM AND HARNESS

Designed for use between two females, it closely resembles the complete male genitals in form, texture and elasticity. It is supplied with an adjustable harness. The almost natural intercourse allowed by the appliance is of great value both physically and psychologically.

338	Standard model	**£18.50**
339	Ejaculating action	**£20.00**
340	Vibrating model	**£21.00**

DOUBLE DILDO

As 338, but complete with double prosthetic and scrotum to provide maximum fulfilment for two females.

343	Standard model	**£25.00**
344	Vibrating model	**£27.50**

DOUBLE DONG

Highly flexible for every need.

365	Standard model	**£16.00**
366	Vibrating model	**£18.00**

PHEROMONE X FOR MEN 432

Pheromone X
Pheromone X
Pheromone X
ROMONE

Attracts Women! Lasts Weeks!

Attracts women without them being aware of it. The undetectable female attractant PHEROMONE X – the scent that sexually attracts women without them even being aware of it. Less than 10% of men have a high natural pheromone level. For the rest the mating game has always been hard work until now.

Giant 100g can only £11.00 (or 2 for £20.00, saving £2)

SUPER-HERMIT 175

A new 'real feel' version of the Hermit that gyrates with all the sexuality of a belly dancer. At the same time you can add another dimension of excitement with its multi-speed vibrations which are controlled separately. This double action vibrator with its 'real feel' flesh-like profiled surface adds an exciting new dimension to sexual enjoyment. Separate battery control box. **£12.00**

DUO-BALLS 730

Also known as 'Ben-Wa Balls' – an ancient Japanese delight. When inserted into the vagina almost any body movement will produce unique erotic sensations. They also help women maintain sexual arousal for long periods and develop vaginal muscle control. Movement within the balls comes from solid stainless steel balls.

Standard duo-balls 730 £4.95

De Luxe Super Soft Duo-Balls 731 £7.00

***Vibrating* Duo Balls 729 £10.00**

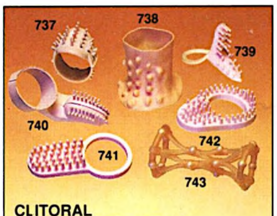
'G' SPOT VIBRATOR 189

Grafenberg Spot

A flexible and specially curved vibrator enabling the 'Grafenberg Spot' to be stimulated. Discover and give this inner trigger spot its thrill of a lifetime. **£11.00**

MENFIT 772 Erection Strengthener

Possibly the best device yet produced for maintaining a firm erection. Pressure and size of ring can be adjusted to suit individual requirement. **£4.00**



CLITORAL STIMULATORS 737-743

Seven special clitoral/vaginal stimulators specially designed to increase female arousal during intercourse by the gentle brushing of the clitoris and vaginal lips, while helping to prolong the male's erection. **£1.95** each

(752)	Selection of 4	**£5.90**
(753)	All 7	**£9.50**

SUPERIA SUPPLIES
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Should the coupon already be used send a PO/Cheque for the items you require listing the product code number(s) and your name and address. Add 20% for Foreign postage. State and sign that you are over 18.

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Use P.O. Box No. only – No callers.

104
108
117
106

TORMENTORS

De luxe Mini Mystique 104

6 inches long with 'gold' head. Multi-speed switch. **£6.00**

Firefly 108

The head lights up and gently warms. Multi-speed switch **£9.50**

King Slim Stim 117

9 inch multi-speed, with very powerful vibrations. **£5.75**

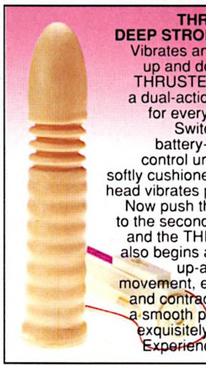
Torpedo 106

Almost 10" long. Double rippled, flexible and multi-speed. **£9.75**

LEWDO The board game that's guaranteed to release one's inhibitions. Sure to lead to a really swinging party. Strictly for the most liberal-minded. For two or more players.

Standard Lewdo 506 in postal tube **£9.00**

Deluxe Lewdo 505 Boxed with folding board **£15.00**



THRUSTING DEEP STROKER 149

Vibrates and moves up and down. The THRUSTER is truly a dual-action delight for every woman. Switch on the battery-powered control unit and its softly cushioned rubber head vibrates purringly. Now push the switch to the second position and the THRUSTER also begins a straight up-and-down movement, extending and contracting with a smooth power. An exquisitely sensual Experience. **£9.95**

Sexually informative and explicit

Dr Andrew Stanway's

THE LOVERS GUIDE

One hour VHS video

Both videos only £28.50

503/1	**The Lovers Guide 1**	**£14.95**
503/2	**The Lovers Guide 2**	**£14.95**

HEART THROB 782

A unique strap-on mini clitoral excitor only 1½" across but with powerful vibrations at full throttle or gentle teasing at low speed. Separate battery box with multi-speed control. **£6.50**

951
960
975
941 LATEX

LEATHER, LATEX, LINGERIE

941 Latex Gauntlets (illust.) Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£8.00**

951 Rope Bra (illust.) Leather bra and wristraps, rope harness **£28.50**

960 'Hoop' Body Harness (illust.) Metal breast hoops harnessed by a network of leather body straps. **£26.50**

975 Skirt (illust.) Leather with heavy duty popper fastening and zip opening. Lengths: 12/15/18". Waist: 24/26/28/30" **£36.00**

864 Maid's Set 100% Nylon. 34–38" bust. Black skirt, White bib and briefs. **£17.50**

865 Nurses Uniform Body 60% Polyester/40% Nylon: Size 34–38" bust. **£16.50**

866 College Girl Uniform 100% Nylon. Sizes: Small/Medium/Large **£26.00**

LOTS MORE SEXY GARMENTS IN OUR CATALOGUE

LOVE PLUG 725

A vibrating plug for pure pleasure. Complete with 'T' bar end and separate multi-speed switch control **£7.75**

NON-DOCTOR 191

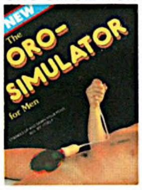
De luxe version

with 4 heads and 3 sleeves Universally the most popular vibrator with MULTISPEED control enabling both the speed and intensity of the vibrations to be adjusted to suit the mood. The complete kit, including batteries is only **£9.25**

VIBRATING VAGINA 219

A superb stimulatory device. It is fitted with a built in vibrator which causes the latex body to pulsate intensively. Vibrations are transferred to the inserted penis in a highly erotic way – leading to a very satisfying climax **£19.95**

ORO-SIMULATOR 254



Strokes up and down the penis stimulating oral delights under *your* control. You can use it in any position. This incredible new male device comes complete with instructions. **£9.95**

PENIS DEVELOPER

Asserted by leading sexologist Dr. Robert Chartham to be the only tested mechanical appliance that proved successful for enlargement to the male organ. Do not be deterred by our very low price – this developer is the latest model, with variable-size cuff to ensure a perfect fit and comes complete with full instructions and lubricant. **FREE** copy of Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Penis Enlargement included.

Price beater Model 211	**£9.85**
Standard Model 212	**£13.25**
Deluxe Model 210 with large pump	**£14.50**

PENIS STRETCH 233

Amazingly effective, particularly when used with the Penis Developer. No matter what size your penis is PENIS STRETCH can make it measurably longer. **£3.60**

Enter code in box

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or please debit my ACCESS/VISA/CONNECT/EUROCARD account: Expiry Date:

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Foreign orders welcome *excluding North America*–please add 20% for foreign postage. *Personal* foreign cheques not accepted.

FREE CATALOGUE of sex aids, lingerie, leatherwear, latexwear and contraceptives with all orders (or send stamp)

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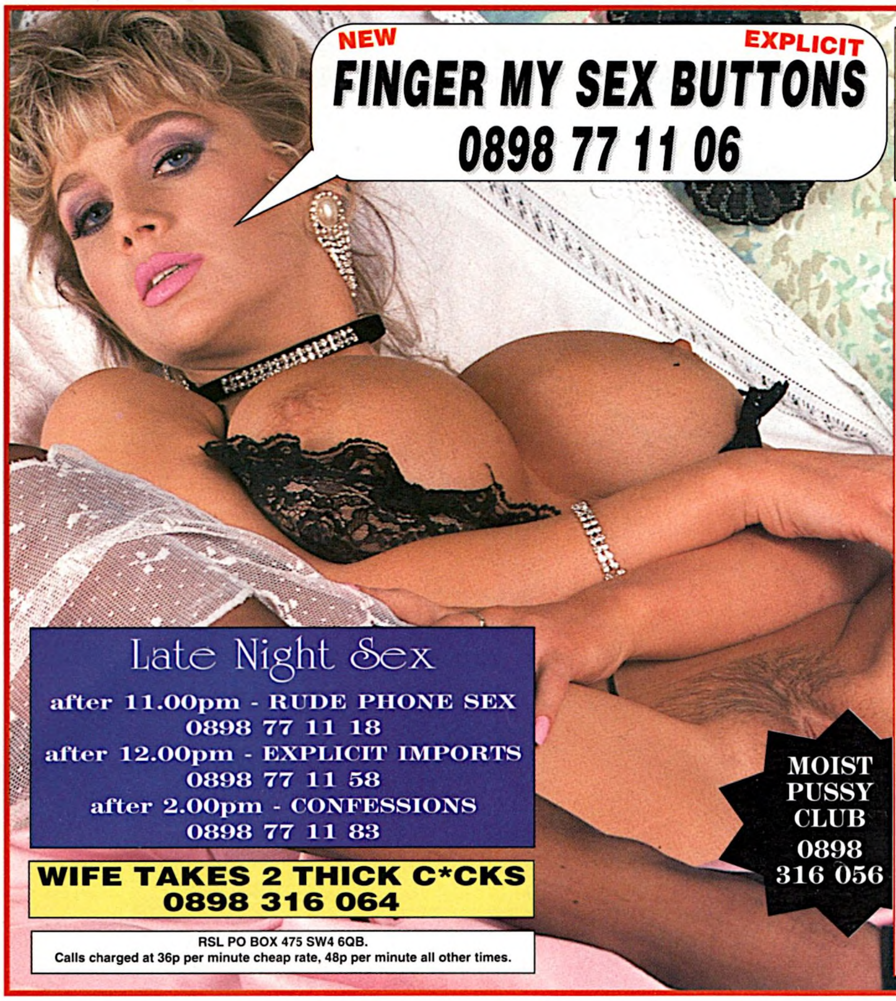


ORAL SEX- SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0898 316 054

GENUINE CALLERS - DIRTY SEX SECRETS

0898 771 105

RUDE LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION

0898 771 113

LETS WANK TOGETHER

0898 771 115

HOUSEWIFE SUCKS W/E 18yr OLD

0898 771 139

SPURT BETWEEN MY BIG TITS

0898 771 147

FINGER ME - I'LL TALK DIRTY

0898 771 151

3 TIGHT LESBIANS - LIVE ACTION

0898 771 157

MY SHAVEN PUSSY IS OPEN

0898 771 170

DOGGY STYLE - PUMP ME PLEASE

0898 771 182

TWO NURSES SPREAD FOR SPUNKY SEX
0898 316 053

Late Night Sex
after 11.00pm - RUDE PHONE SEX
0898 77 11 18
after 12.00pm - EXPLICIT IMPORTS
0898 77 11 58
after 2.00pm - CONFESSIONS
0898 77 11 83

MOIST PUSSY CLUB
0898 316 056

WIFE TAKES 2 THICK C*CKS
0898 316 064

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB.
Calls charged at 36p per minute cheap rate, 48p per minute all other times.

RUDE-HORNY-EXPLICIT PHONE SEX FOR YOU

I want your thick meat - Call me 0898 77 11 07

I'LL SWALLOW YOUR CUM 0898 204 206

TONGUE MY WET PUSSY 0898 204 208

USE MY BLACK BOOK FOR THE RUDEST PHONE SEX

SHAVEN LESBIAN PUSSY ACTION 0898 204 209
WIFE PLAYS WITH 2 STIFF COCKS 0898 77 11 08
LIFT MY SKIRT & INSERT 0898 77 11 11
PLEASE CUM ON MY BIG TITS 0898 77 11 16
18yr OLD VIRGIN GETS SHAFTED 0898 77 11 45
SPREAD MY CHEEKS & PUMP ME 0898 77 11 48
RUDE NURSE SPREADS FOR W/E DOCTOR 0898 77 11 17
BIG TOOL IN GIRLS PANTIES-GAY 0898 77 11 46
HARDCORE AFTER 12.00 SHOW 0898 316 019

LIVE PORNO CONFESSIONS 0898 77 11 54
HOUSEWIFE SUCKS YOUNG COCK 0898 77 11 56
AUNTIE TAKES 10" 0898 77 11 59
I'LL MASTURBATE YOUR TOOL 0898 456 647
UP ME FROM BEHIND 0898 456 600
FIONA FINGERS FANNY 0898 316 016
PLUG MY WET PUSSY 0898 316 017
MY VELVET LIPS ON YOUR HELMET 0898 316 020
FILTHY AFTER 9.00 SHOW 0898 316 018

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

WENDY 0898 77 11 97

British RUDEST PHONELINE TOP 10
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0898 204 215

EXPLICIT ORAL SEX I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 456 646
HUBBY WATCHES WIFE TAKEN BY TWO MEN
0898 77 11 41
SUE SPREADS
0898 204 217

LUCY 0898 77 11 36

SINDY
0898 77 11 38

NANCY
0898 77 11 84

PUMP MY SISTER- I'LL SIT ON YOUR FACE
0898 77 11 44
OLDER WOMEN (BIG TITS) LOVES YOUNG COCK
0898 77 11 43
SHAG ME FROM BEHIND
0898 77 11 02

EX - NURSE I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT
0898 77 11 24
LESBIAN OPEN LEG SEX ACTION
0898 77 11 52
PLEASE FINGER MY WET SHAVEN FANNY
0898 77 11 37

MANDY 0898 77 11 40

FANNY 0898 77 11 29

Late Nite Hardcore Sex Clubs
AFTER 9.00 - ORAL & ENTRY
0898 204 218
AFTER 12.00 - EXPLICIT SPURT ACTION
0898 204 219
AFTER 2.00 - TIGHT, SHAVEN PUSSY CLUB
0898 204 220

RSL PO BOX 475 SW4 6QB. Calls cost 36p/min cheap rate, 48p/min all other times.

HEAR ME W**K
0338 402 992

F****D FROM BEHIND 0338 40 30 96
2 GUYS BONK 1 GIRL 0338 402 995
MY VIBRATORS UP ME 0338 404 792

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

ORAL SEX - COME IN MY MOUTH
0338 40 30 91
DO IT TO ME DOGGYSTYLE
0338 40 30 95
FINGER MY SHAVEN PUSSY
0338 40 30 97
SECRETARY WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0338 404 794
LESBIAN NURSES DILDO ORGY
0338 404 790
W**K TO ORGASMIC SEX TALK
0338 40 30 84

NEW

NEW

NEW

PART MY LIPS & INSERT
0338 40 30 93
SHAG ME OVER THE DESK
0338 40 40 94
JULIE LICKED OUT MY FANNY
0338 40 30 99
SPURT OVER MY PUSSY
0338 40 30 92

LET'S W**K TOGETHER
0338 402 993

0338 402 994

JANE & MARIE'S DILDO ORGY 0338 404 787

After 9pm Ball Hardening Special 0338 404 797
After 12pm Lesbian Dildo Pump Action 0338 40 30 83

W**K MY WIFE
0338 402 996

Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate 48p at all other times Northglow Ltd PO box 16 RG11 7DZ

I LOVE IT DOGGYSTYLE
0338 405 505

FIONA (18) LICKS RUTH'S (21) PUSSY
0338 405 515

Hear me Masturbate
0338 405 565

ORGASM WITH ME
0338 405 503

Uncensored Spunky Orgasmic Sex Confessions
0338 405 555

HORNY 18YR OLD TALKS FILTHY
0338 405 512

I'LL W**K YOU TO CLIMAX
0338 405 524

I'll use my dildo you w**k
0338 405 582

ORAL SEX- SPUNK IN MY MOUTH
0338 405 501

I'LL STRIP YOU MASTURBATE
0338 405 579

SPUNKY SEX WITH MY SISTER
0338 405 509

TEENAGE LESBIAN SEX
0338 405 563

Secretary wants to spank your wife
0338 405 578

EROTIC TELEPHONE HANDJOB
0338 405 547

AFTER 12 ORAL SPURT CLUB
0338 400 130

AFTER 2 LESBIAN NURSES ORGY
0338 400 160

NURSE WANTS SPANKING
0338 405 504

SPUNK OVER MY FACE
0338 405 532

Spread my legs - then f**k me
0338 405 506

wants SEX 0338 405 508

CALLS CHARGED 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48P AT ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM LTD PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

RELIEF LINE
Run by women for men only
I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT!
0898 442 183
*YOU ONLY PAY FOR THE COST OF THE CALL. NO CREDIT CARDS.
LIVE DIAL
Introductory Offer. Lines Open 24 Hours
WE CAN ARRANGE A SEX CONTACT IN YOUR AREA TOO. Dial 0898 442 755
LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 002

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

Nympho talking to XXXX	0898 442 742
Older Woman	0898 362 574
19 Year Old & 20 Year Old	0898 362 581
Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
Lesbian Talking to Lesbian	0898 442 760
Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 575

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY
442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN
442 746

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP
442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE
442 741

NO nonsense
NO run around
Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure
0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!
0898 362 556
If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours
SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

NEW

EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS
WE DELIVER THE HARDEST !

CANNED LUST !

JUST COME ALL OVER ME I JUST FXXXXXG LOVE IT
0898 442 065

I'LL TALK FILTHY WHILE YOU COME !!
0898 442 076

I'M 18 & NEED A GOOD SHAFTING
0898 700 307

LETS MASTURBATE TOGETHER
0898 700 308

SPURT IT ALL IN MY MOUTH
0898 700 336

GET YOUR FACE DOWN TO MY WET PANTIES & SUCK !!
0898 700 338

LET ME SHAVE THEN YOU CAN FXXX ME!
0898 700 345

MOUTHING SPECIALS

I'M A GIRL WHO SUCKS ! (ORAL)
0898 700 370

LICK MY TITS & BITE THE TIPS
0898 700 371

LET ME MILK YOU DRY BABY
0898 700 372

TONGUE JOB
0898
442
719

STRAIGHT IN THE MOUTH
0898
362
683

WENDY
I'll Tongue your tip and drive you wild, so ring.....0898 362 641

LISA
I just love it Doggy Style give me a ring and do it to me, I scream for you.....0898 100 481

CANDIS
Let me lick your Balls baby, I'll make you shoot !...0898 100 453

TRISH
Go on feel my fanny while I talk Dirty to you.............0898 700 391

SARAH
Listen to me with my Cucumber see if I can take it all up me. ring me on.............0898 700 377

KATE Fill me up lover boy..... 0898 700 376

MY WET FANNY
0898
700
374

FINGER ME TILL I COME !
0898 442 720

SQUEEZE MY TITS HARD !!
0898 442 721

DIRTY & HORNY GIRLS TO GIVE QUICK ORGASMS
0898 442 722

CALLS COST 36P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 48P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
EUROPEAN LINE P.O. BOX 242 LONDON SW15 2 RJ

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 004
LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 005
STRICT & MATURE
0898 442 066

CUM ALL OVER ME!
0898 700 392

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 075

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 084
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX NOISES

WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS & GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

2 Lesbians / 1 Dildo 0898 700 393
19 year old first time sex 0898 100 443
Disgusting sexual noises 0898 100 498
Straight Masturbation 0898 362 503
Sticky and wet Wendy 0898 362 508

WE MADE THEM LIVE !

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 362 639

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 362 640
Older Woman
0898 362 642
Strict talker
0898 362 643
Talk filthy to me while I do it !
0898 362 645

SEX TALK

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 362 603
LISTEN TO SEX SCREAMS
0898 362 610
HEAR ME SHAVE
0898 362 611
DOGGY TALK
0898 362 613

BOTTOM FETISHES

RUDE FETISH
0898 362 646
PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 362 647
MY BIG BUM
0898 362 662
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 442 799

LISTEN IN TO SEX CHATTERS !

STRICTLY ADULT

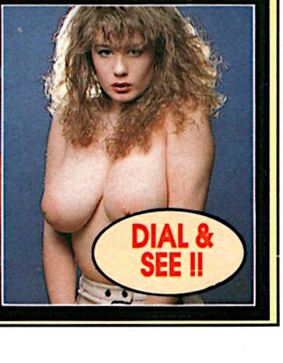
WE TAPE RECORDED HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

STRAIGHT SEX 0898 300 875
LESBIAN LINES 0898 300 883
GAY LINES 0898 300 889
PERSUASIVE WOMAN 0898 300 893
STRONG WOMAN 0898 300 896
BIZZARE 0898 300 899

WE DIDN'T Know they were doing it and we do not care anyway !!

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME
0898 300 872
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 300 873
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 300 874



DIAL & SEE !!

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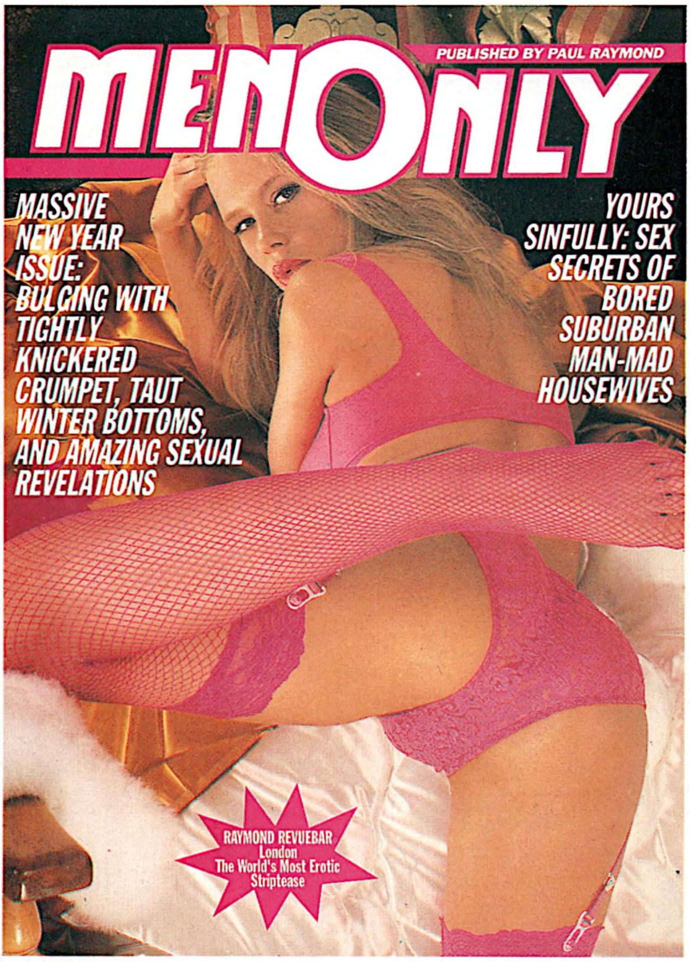
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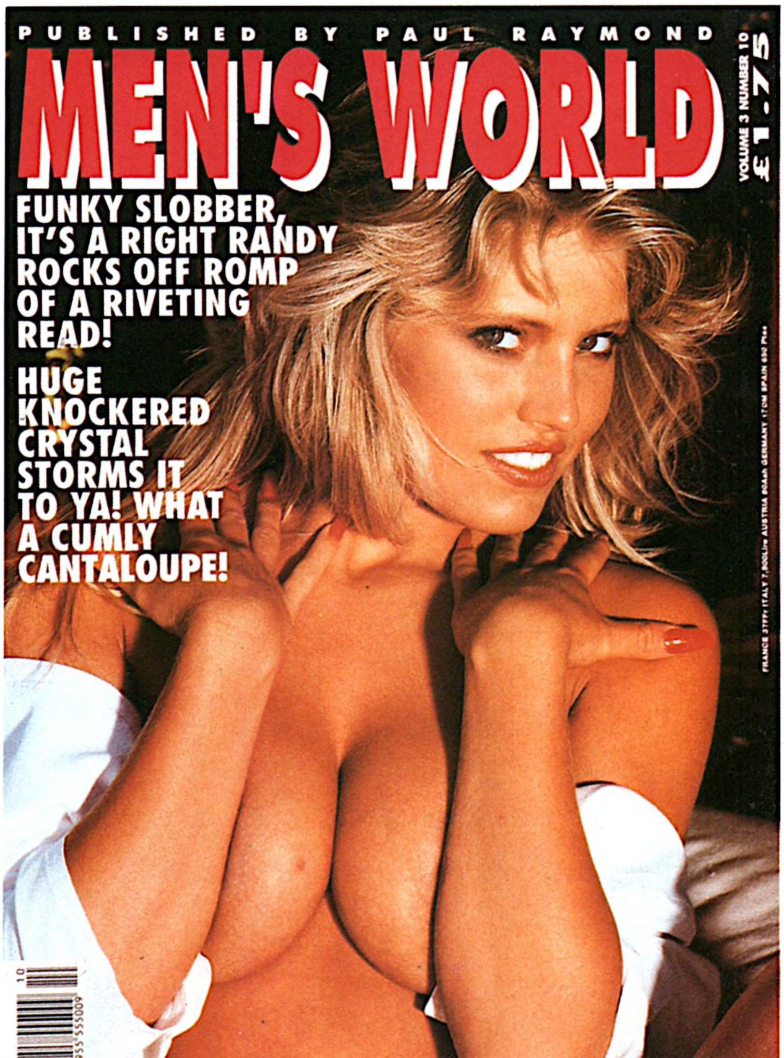
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Photographs by Jack Harrison

Janna

Impossible though it may seem, this is the first time the delicious shape of Janna has graced our pages, even though she looked a little flushed when we turned up at her Fulham flat for the shoot.

"I just bought this rug from my local antique dealer, Lovetoy," she giggled, spreading this big furry thing out in front of us. "But I didn't quite understand what he was on about. When I said it would

look nice in front of my fire, he said that my bear skin would look better in the bedroom.

"But the thing is, he hasn't even been to my flat, so how would he know?"

Poor bloke. He would have had more than a bargain on his hands... ♣

COMING IN club

Strip, strip, hooray... curvy Clarissa is here again! The raunchy raver who put the wick in your candles in frosty February promises to do the same again next month, including a trick with a Maypole you'll have to see to believe. Those Morris Dancers will never walk in a straight line again! Question is, can you wait a whole month to see the girl who takes off more than a fleet of 747s? Thought not – chocs away, Charlie... ♣

Volume 22 Number 6 on sale May 20th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 43

have a drink then!" he said, pouring us all a glass of wine. The game was on!

Diane sat to his left, with me on his right, and started chatting. Half an hour, and two bottles later, Diane made her move, and sliding her hand up his thigh, slowly began to stroke his bulge. We all sat in silence as his hands came up to her breasts and massaged her tits till the nipples were like bullets.

Diane pulled his zipper down and worked loose one of the biggest cocks I had seen for a long time. She grabbed the base of his tool, her fingers barely reaching round it as she sank her head down. I stared wide-eyed as her head bobbed up and down, her lips closed tight around his shaft as Graham let out a moan of pleasure, his head flopping back on the sofa.

After a minute, he lifted his head up and brought his mouth to mine, and as we kissed he expertly unzipped the back of my dress and let my tits burst loose. Graham got to work on them, sucking and pulling at my nipples, filling his mouth, while he had a hand firmly rubbing between my legs, making my panties very damp as found my throbbing clit.

"God, this cock tastes so good, Jo – come here and try some," groaned Diane. I broke away from Graham's mouth to join her. As I did so, Graham pulled Diane's panties down to release her moist cunt. He gently pushed a finger against her hot pussy flesh and then into her open hole.

"Mmmm, more..." she whispered, lifting herself up as she put her own hand onto her clit and frantically gave it a rub. Meanwhile I was sucking Graham's cock, and going faster and faster. Suddenly he gave a shout and pushed his cock even deeper into my mouth, his shaft twitched violently and after three or four huge spurts my mouth was full of spunk. I started swallowing as much and as quickly as I could as I used my mouth like a cunt and fucked it hard.

Suddenly, I felt Diane pull me off him as a jet of spunk shot into the air and covered my lips and face.

"Let me have some of that!" she gasped loudly as she held his thick prick with one hand and wanked him into her mouth as well. After another minute or two of this we all sat back on the sofa and got out breath back.

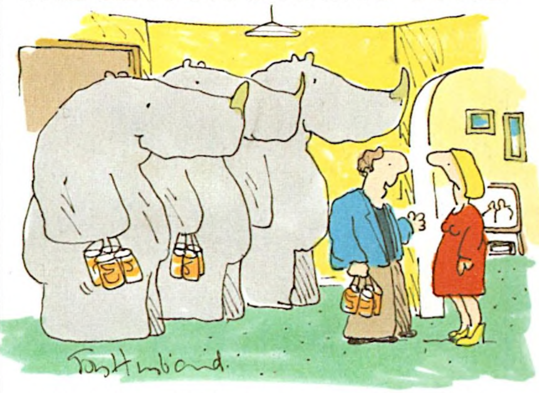
But we weren't done with him yet. We all moved onto the floor and I lay on my back and opened my legs wide so Diane could get to work on me with her tongue. Graham, now naked, knelt beside us, wanking himself hard again. As soon as his cock was stiff again, he moved round to Diane's cunt as she bent over me.

Graham, his cock now rampant, slowly slid it into her from behind as he began to pump her with such force that she sucked at my clit, grinding her face into my pussy and pushing her tongue inside to fuck me.

"Oh, yes! Yes! Fuck me! God, it's so big!" Diane cried as began to come, her whole body visibly trembling as he fucked her.

"I want him to fuck me," I begged as she carried on sucking at my hole. And with that, we all changed; Diane on her back, her head under Graham's cock with me lying over her, my head over her pussy. I was so close I could even feel the heat of her cunt on my face.

THE EDITOR'S RHINO JOKE



"Hi, darling... I've brought some mates back from the pub to watch the match."

Our lover got behind me and for the first time that night pushed his cock into my cunt, slowly at first but then getting quicker while Diane and I ate away at each other's cunt. This was so incredible I almost thought I would faint as she started frigging herself to orgasm.

I put my mouth over her pussy so that her juices flowed onto my tongue. I got so excited swallowing it all down that I started to come too, crying out for Graham to come as well.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" he yelled as his whole body tensed up for the second time that evening and he shot his spunk right up my cunt. I could feel his thick jets of come fill me as I climaxed again and again.

Eventually he pulled out, and Diane placed her mouth around his cock and sucked down what was left, cleaning his tool with her tongue. After all this we sat back, naked and exhausted before getting into the shower together.

Graham left at about midnight, after promising to come round again that next Friday. He said it would have to be a whole week as he was sure he wouldn't get his energy back any earlier! *– Jo and Diane, Woking* ♣

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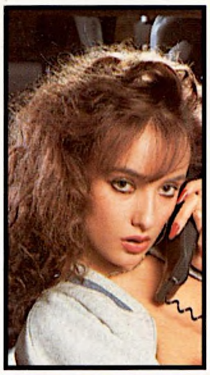
34th
anniversary



DIAL AN ORGASM

0898 442 641

Our girls (or gays) will talk you through to orgasm in a special way. Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, also a rolled up newspaper with a wet end and tissues.

Dial now for phone fun!

LISTEN IN!

A lot of sex talkers do not mind somebody else listening in to the talking and if they give us permission you can hear them

0898 362 568

RANDOM DROP IN ACCESS NUMBER 24HRS

FETISH ACTION
TOP TEN

READERS WIVES LIVE RECORDINGS!

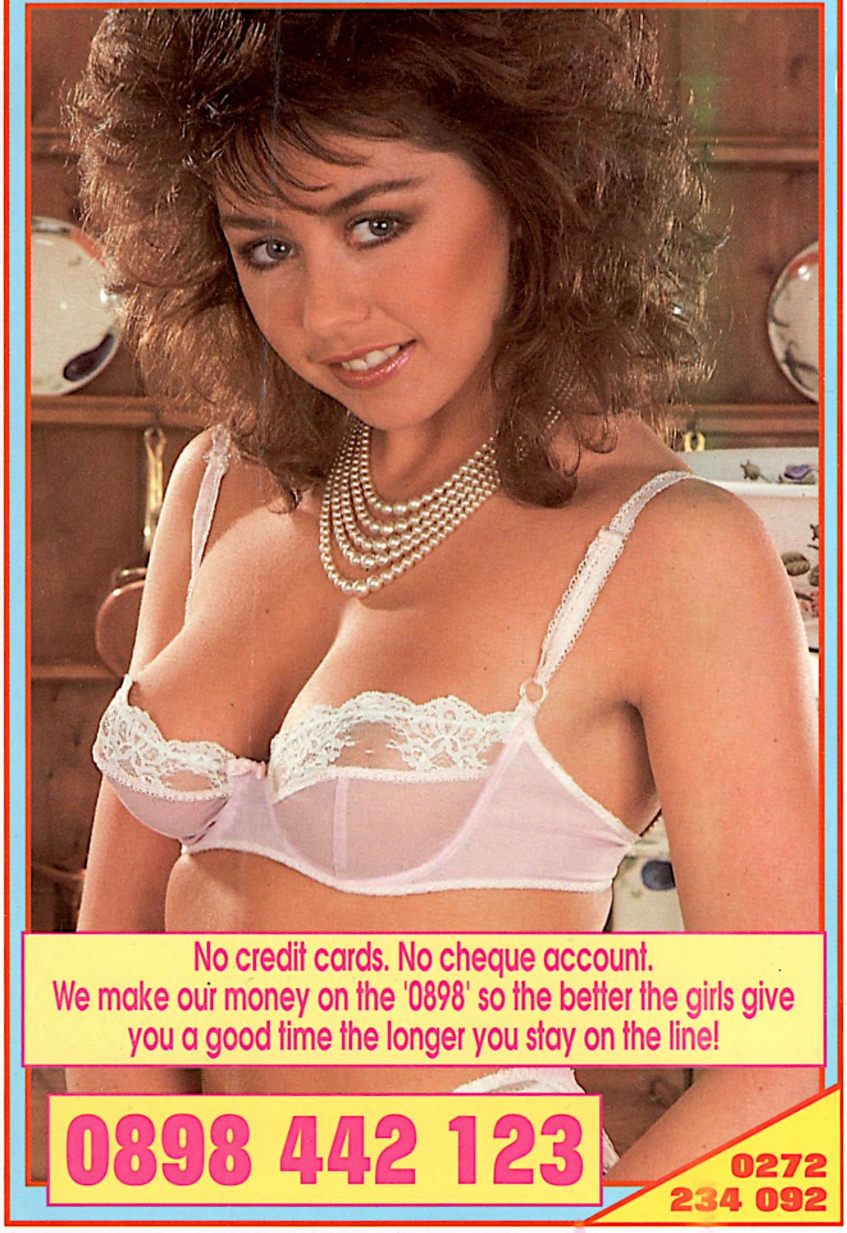
1. RUBBER MANIAC
0898 442 034
2. SEX DATING
0898 442 035
3. KINKY & BIZARRE
0898 442 049
4. ALL GIRL ORGY
0898 442 090
5. DIRTY OLD TINA
0898 442 101
6. HOUSEWIFE LUST
0898 442 102
7. 2 KINKY GIRLS
0898 362 567
8.ORAL FETISH
0898 442 159
9. PEARL NECKLACE
0898 442 164
10. WORSHIP MISS SADIE
0898 442 167

MISS DINGLES GIRLS

WHY TAKE 'POT LUCK' WITH WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR OR TALK ABOUT. MISS DINGLE'S GIRLS 'SPECIALISE' SO JUST CHOOSE!

TRACY TALKS DISGUSTINGLY DIRTY 0898 442 169
JANE WANTS TO BE YOUR SEX SLAVE 0898 442 194
MARIE WANTS TO DO IT WITH YOU 0898 442 197
JACKIE IS IN TO DOM IN A BIG WAY 0898 100 410
CICILY TALKS DIRTY KNICKERS 0898 100 499
ANGELINE SCREAMS AND SHOUTS AT YOU 0898 362 509
SOPHIE TALKS BIG BOOBS 0898 362 512
TINA TALKS WHILE DOING IT LIVE 0898 362 513
SARAH USES THE PHONE AS A SEX TOOL 0898 362 514
MANDY WANTS TO BE SHOUTED AT 0898 362 515
PATTIE LETS YOU HEAR HER DOING IT 0898 362 516
CHRISSIE GETS YOU TO DIRTY STUFF TO YOURSELF 0898 362 517
BELINDA IS A COMPLETE BY-SEXUAL PERSON 0898 362 518
CYN IS INTO LEATHER AND STUDS 0898 362 519
BILLIE JO IS FROM THE U.S.A. AND INTO MOST THINGS 0898 362 520
TRIXIE HAS A SEX SHAVE - JUST LISTEN 0898 362 522
TIFFINY TALKS ABOUT HER GAY/T.V. TURN-ONS 0898 362 561
ALICE TALK BI-SEXUAL TOTALLY DISGUSTING 0898 362 564
DIANA WANTS YOU TO TALK ABOUT DRESSING UP 0898 362 565

SEX TALK GIRLS



No credit cards. No cheque account.
We make our money on the '0898' so the better the girls give you a good time the longer you stay on the line!

0898 442 123

0272
234 092

DIRTY LETTER CLUB

Write dirty letters to our female members and receive dirty letters from our Female/Gay/AC/DC members

HOW IT WORKS - DIAL 0898 442 705
LISTEN TO SOME DIRTY LETTERS
0898 362 566

LETTER CLUB, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW 15 2RJ.

LIP SERVICE
(WET & OPEN)

DEEP SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
0898 362 614

YOUNG WOMEN
SPECIALS
MARY
0898 362 630
JANE
0898 362 631
TINA
0898 362 633
NATALIE
0898 362 634

LESBIAN LINES

DIANE & TRACEY
0898 362 635
2 GIRL SPECIAL
0898 362 637
GIRL GROUP SEX
0898 362 638
JANE with SUE
0898 362 697
TINA & KIRSTY
0898 362 698
RACHAEL GIVES ALL
0898 362 699
SALLY and KIM
0898 442 701

T.V. [AC/DC]
TREVOR IN STOCKINGS
0898 442 702
MIKE SUE & REG DO IT
0898 442 704

If you want some other 0898 numbers to dial our girls can give you some and they are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate & 48p per minute at all other times.
Freechat, 56 Waterloo St., Leeds LS1 2EE.